



BIG TOP



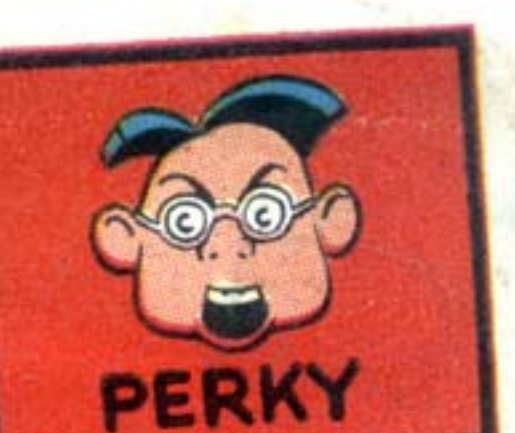
SWING SISSON



POISON IVY



SPIN SHAW



PERKY

FEATURE

COMICS

SM
★
11



NOVEMBER



LALA PALOOZA



BLIMPY



MICKEY FINN

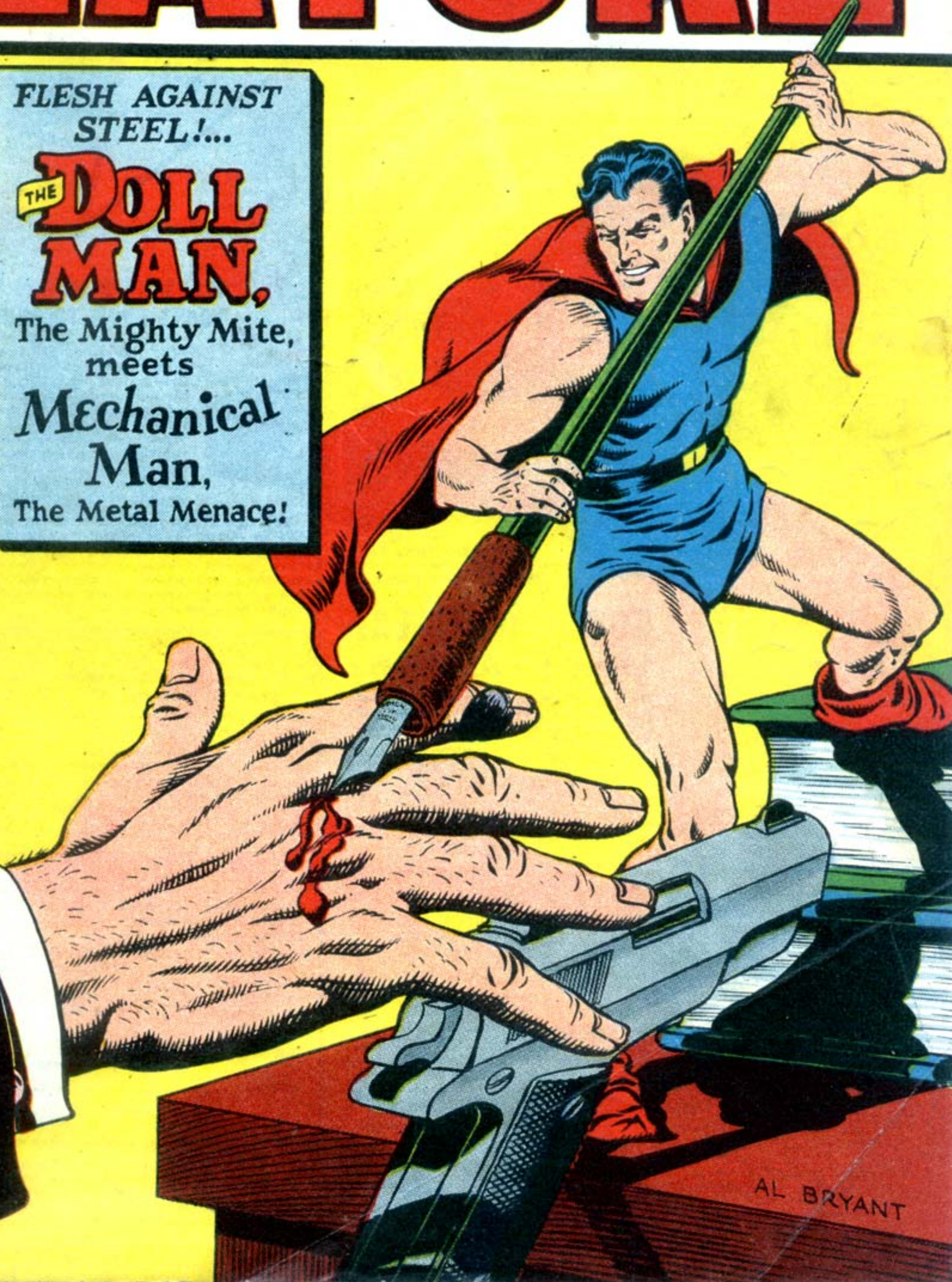


RUSTY RYAN

FLESH AGAINST
STEEL!...

**THE DOLL
MAN.**

The Mighty Mite,
meets
**Mechanical
Man,**
The Metal Menace!



AL BRYANT

No. 83 10¢



WEB COMIC
UNIVERSE.COM

OUTGUESS THE WEATHERMAN

AMAZING FORECASTER

PREDICTS THE WEATHER 24 HOURS IN ADVANCE



READ ALL ABOUT THE
"SWISS" WEATHER HOUSE
AND **FREE** GIFT OFFER
IF YOU ACT AT ONCE

IMPORTANT!

This is not a cheap, un-
dependable storm glass. The
Weatherman Weather House is the
original "Swiss" Weather House
which actually tells you the weather
in advance. Beware of Imitations.

BE YOUR OWN WEATHERMAN— YOU'LL KNOW TOMORROW'S WEATHER TODAY

Why pay \$5 or \$10 for a barometer when you can predict the weather yourself, at home, 8 to 24 hours in advance, with this accurate, inexpensive Weather House forecaster? It's made like a little Swiss cottage, with a thatched green roof and small green shutters. Inside the house is an old witch and a little boy and girl. When the weather's going to be fine, the little boy and girl come out in front. But when bad weather is on the way the old witch makes an appearance. There is an easy-to-read thermometer on the front of the cottage that shows you the exact temperature.

You can depend on knowing the condition of the weather from eight to twenty-four hours in advance with this Weather House, made in U. S. A. . . . Everyone—business men, house wives, teachers, farmers, school children, laborers, doctors, lawyers, ministers, clubs and colleges can now predict the weather in advance. Here is positively the most amazing introductory advertising offer ever made. You must act quickly—prices may rise.

SEND NO MONEY

Sent to You on 100% Satisfaction Guarantee

Simply send the FREE Gift Offer coupon below for your "Swiss" Weather House and free Good Luck Leaf. When they arrive just deposit through your Postman \$1.69 (your total cost), plus postage. Then test the Weather House for accuracy. Watch it closely, see how perfectly it predicts the weather in advance, then if you don't agree it's worth many dollars more than the small cost, simply return your Weather House within 10 days and get your money back promptly.

Almost every day of your life is affected in some way by the weather, and it's such a satisfaction to have a reliable indication of what the weather will be. With the "Swiss" Weather House and easy-to-read thermometer you have an investment in comfort and convenience for years to come. The Weather House comes to you complete and ready to use. Ideal for gifts and bridge prizes. It will bring new pleasure to everyone in your family. The price is only \$1.69 C.O.D. You must act now to secure this price.

DOUBLE VALUE COUPON—MAIL TODAY

The Weather Man, Dept. C. G.,
29 East Madison Street,
Chicago, Illinois

10 DAY TRIAL COUPON

Send at once (1) "Swiss" Weather House and Free Good Luck Leaf. On arrival, I will pay postman \$1.69 plus postage with the understanding that the Weather House is guaranteed to work accurately. Also I can return the weather house for any reason within 10 days and get my money back.

☐ Send C.O.D. ☐ I enclose \$1.69. You Pay Postage. Two for \$2.98.

Name _____ (Please print plainly)

Address _____

City _____ State _____

FREE
for Prompt
Action

GOOD LUCK LEAF Lives on Air Alone

The greatest novelty plant ever discovered! Tradition is—a person owning one of these plants will have much good luck and success.



AS YOU RECEIVE IT



AS IT GROWS FOR YOU



EACH TINY PLANT
PRODUCES THIS

Yours free—for prompt action. It will grow in your room pinned to the window curtain. This leaf grows a plant at every notch. The small plants may be detached and potted if desired. When planted in earth, it grows two feet tall and blooms beautifully. The blooms may be cut and dried and they will hold their beauty for years. This plant is being studied by some of our leading Universities and is rating very high in plant evolution.

HERE'S WHAT WEATHER HOUSE OWNERS SAY—

"My neighbors now phone me to find out what the weather is going to be. We certainly think the Weather House is marvelous." Mrs. I. S., Amsterdam, Ohio.

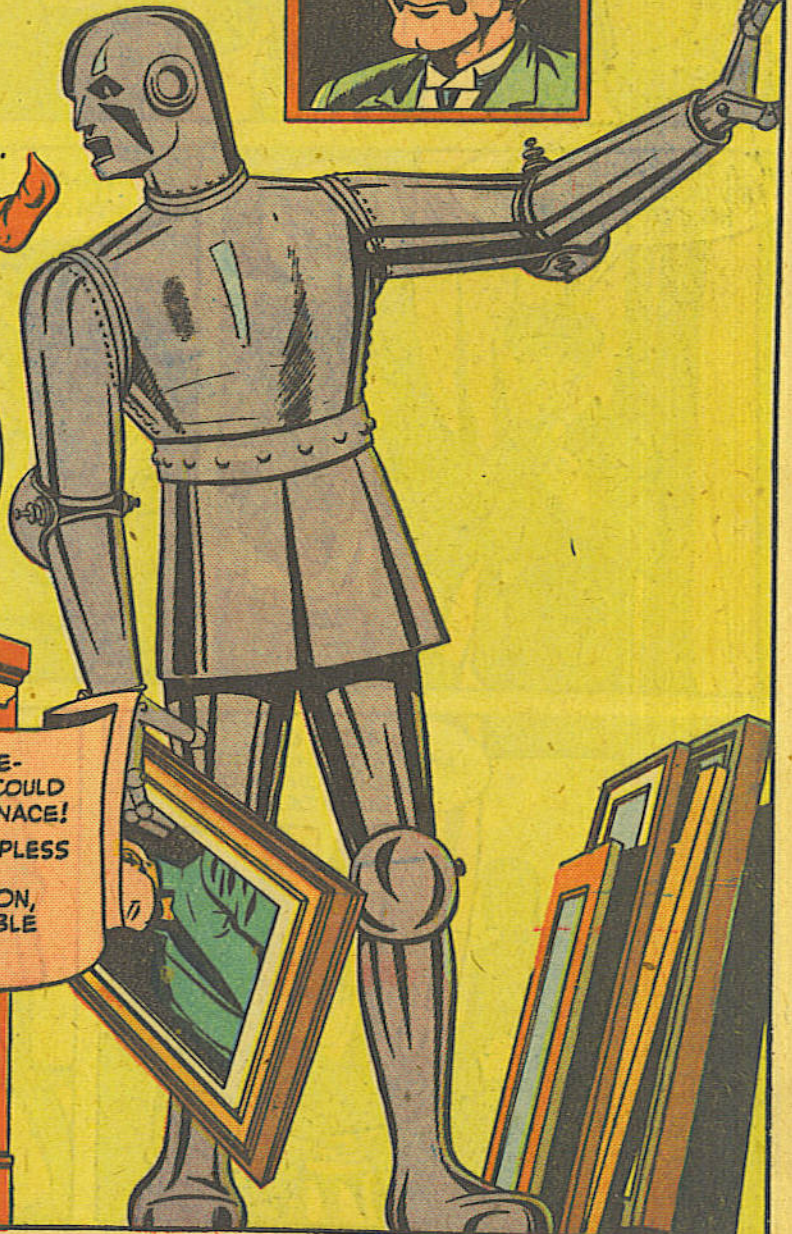
"Please rush 6 more Weather Houses, I want to give them away as gifts. They are wonderful." Mrs. I. F., Booth Bay, Maine.

"I saw your Weather House at a friend's home and the way they raved about it, I decided to order one for myself." Mrs. L. R., Chicago, Ill.

"Ever since I got my Weather House I've been able to plan my affairs a day ahead. It's wonderful." Mrs. D. L. B., Shenandoah, Iowa.

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THE DOLL MAN



The STAID
CITY PAVEMENTS
ECHOED TO THE CLANKING
OF METAL, AS THE
Mechanical Man
STALKED ON HIS MISSION
OF PLUNDER! THE
POLICE WERE
POWERLESS
TO STOP HIM!

ONLY THE *DOLL MAN*, CRIME-
FIGHTING'S MIGHTIEST MITE, COULD
HOPE TO TURN BACK THIS MENACE!
BUT THE *DOLL MAN* LAY HELPLESS
WITHIN THE CONFINES OF AN
UNBREAKABLE PLASTIC PRISON,
FACING HIS OWN INESCAPABLE
DOOM!

AT THE COSMOPOLITAN MUSEUM,
RARE OBJECTS OF ART ARE ON
DISPLAY BEFORE ADMIRING CROWDS...



THESE TREASURES
ARE PRICELESS!
SURELY THEY MUST
BE A TEMPTATION
TO THIEVES!

NO ONE
COULD
GET AWAY
WITH ANY
OF THESE
THINGS!



THERE'S A POLICE
ALARM ON EVERY FLOOR!
AT THE FIRST SIGN OF TROUBLE,
AN AUTOMATIC DEVICE WOULD
LOCK ALL THE DOORS UNTIL
THE ARRIVAL OF
POLICE!



A THIEF HERE WOULD
BE HANDCUFFED BEFORE
HE GOT STARTED!

YOU
MAKE ME
FEEL SO
SAFE!



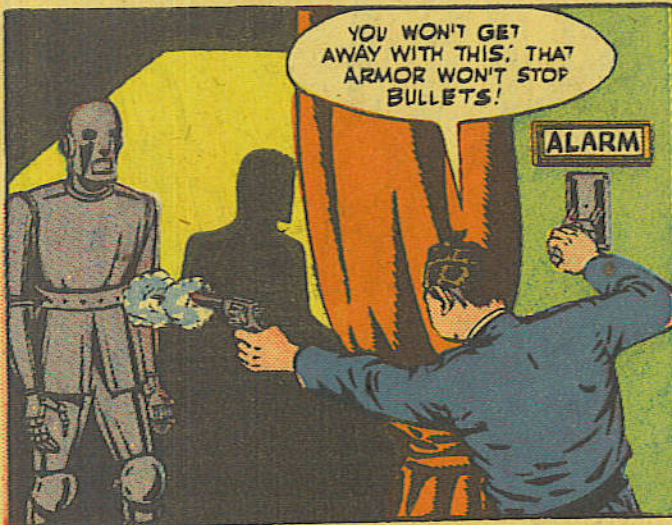
WHAT
TH....!

HELP!

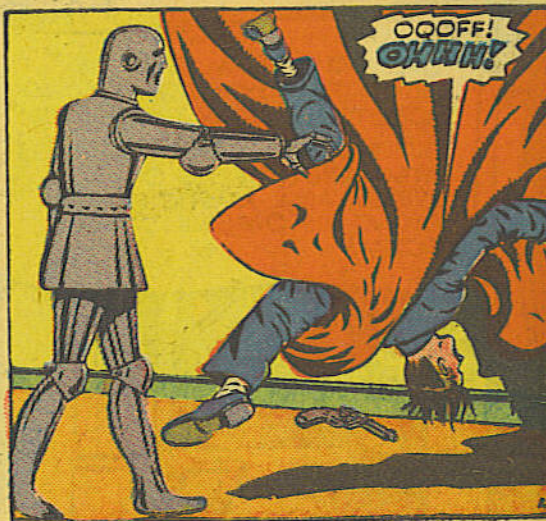


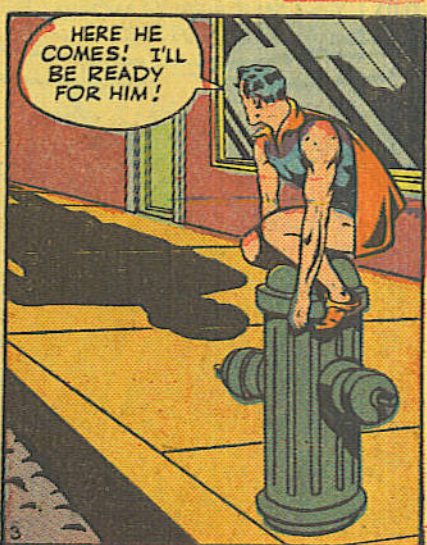
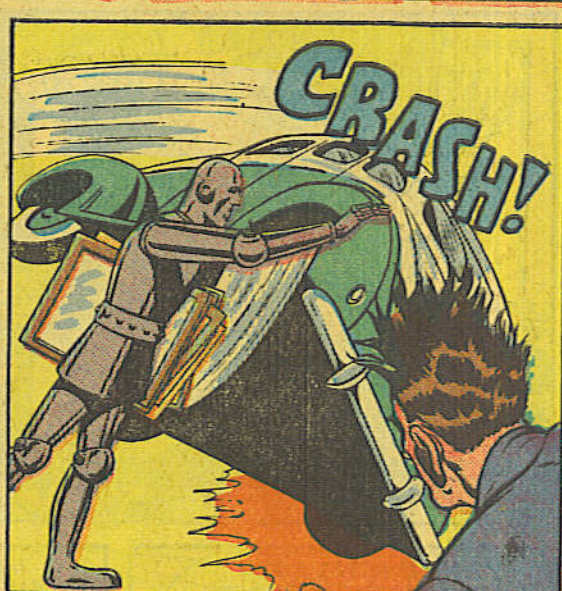
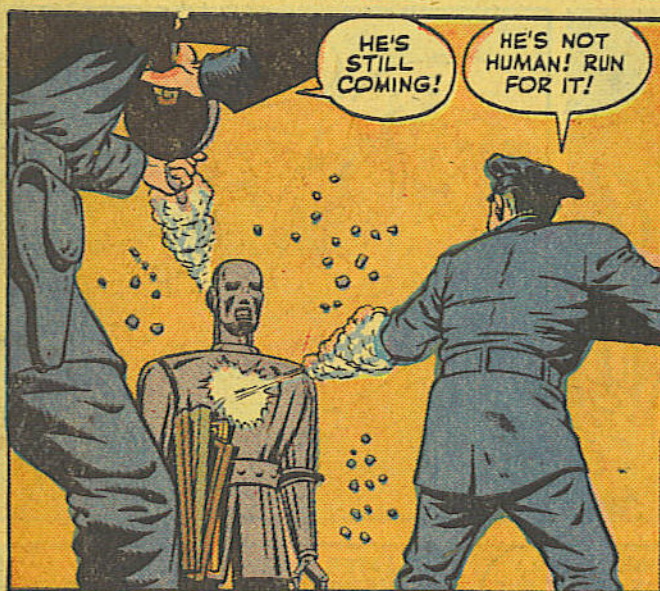
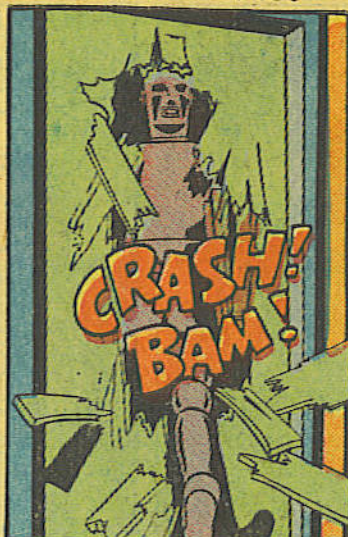
YOU WON'T GET
AWAY WITH THIS! THAT
ARMOR WON'T STOP
BULLETS!

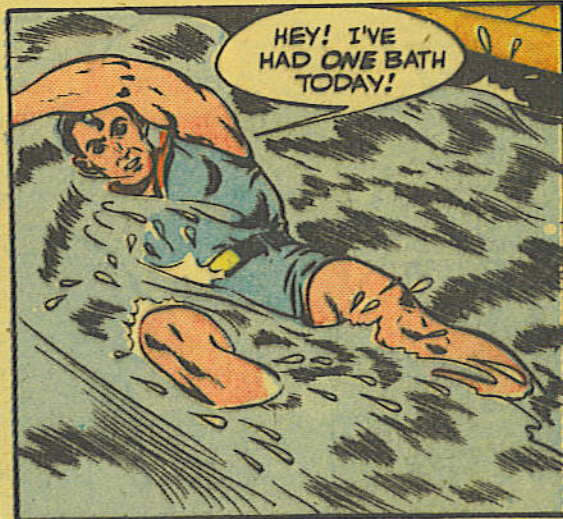
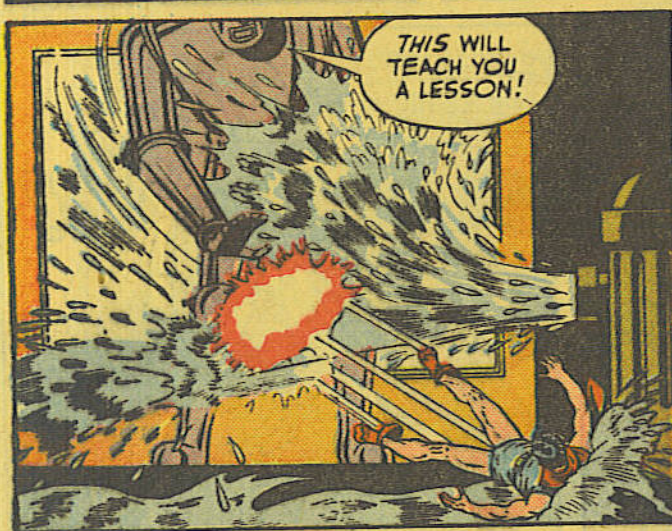
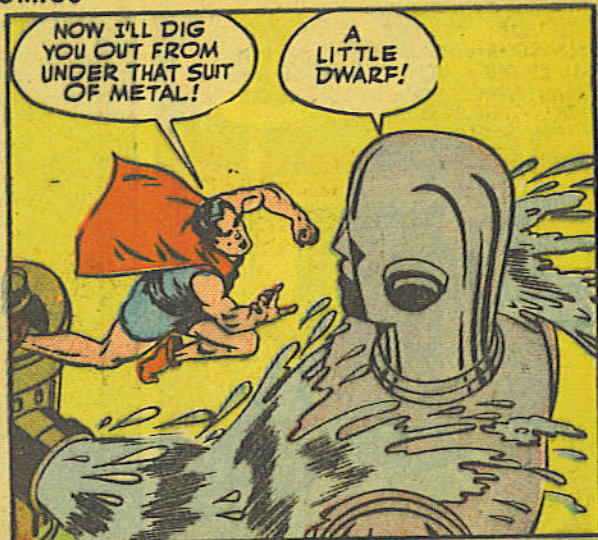
ALARM



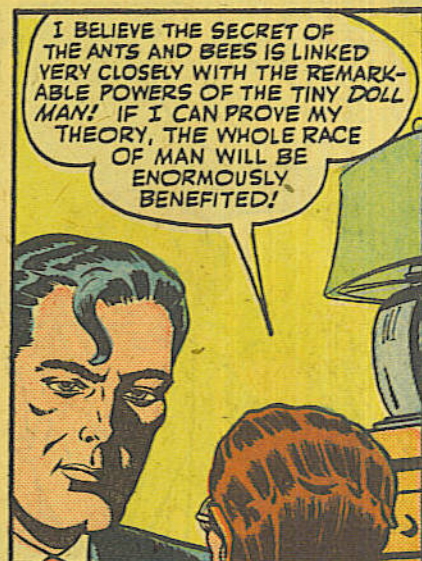
**OOOFF!
OWWW!**







FEATURE COMICS





AH! THE PERFECT SUBJECT FOR MY EXPERIMENTS! YOU CAN'T ESCAPE FROM MY PLASTIC JAR!



THE DOLL MAN IS TAKEN TO PROFESSOR RUDIO'S PRIVATE LABORATORY...

WHAT DOES HE INTEND TO DO TO ME? AT LEAST IT WILL BE INTERESTING TO FIND OUT!



HOW'S MY LITTLE PATIENT DOING?

LET ME OUT OF HERE --AND I'LL SHOW YOU!

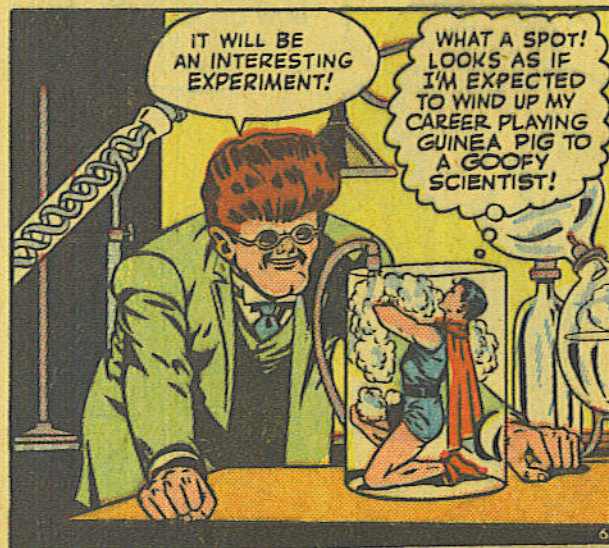


HA-HA! NO ONE CAN GET OUT OF THIS PRISON! BUT THIS AIR VENT WILL ENABLE ME TO LET SOMETHING IN!

GAS!

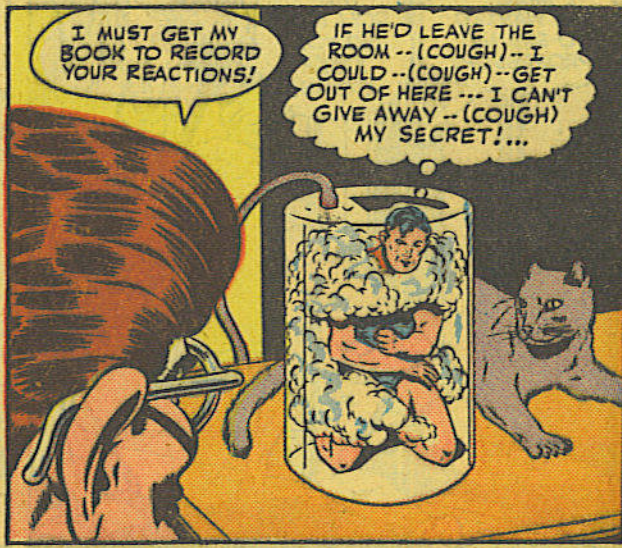


THE NORMAL MAN WOULD DIE WITHIN A FEW MINUTES, IF EXPOSED TO SUCH AN ATMOSPHERE! I EXPECT YOU WILL LIVE SOMEWHAT LONGER!



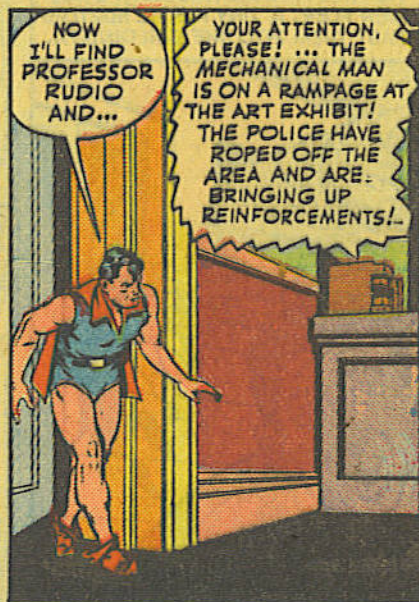
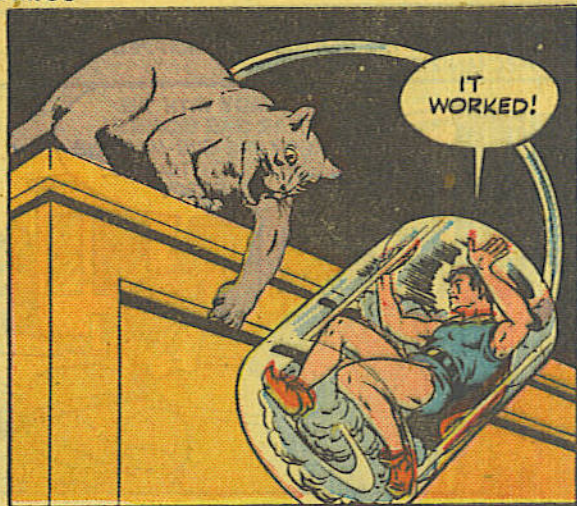
IT WILL BE AN INTERESTING EXPERIMENT!

WHAT A SPOT! LOOKS AS IF I'M EXPECTED TO WIND UP MY CAREER PLAYING GUINEA PIG TO A GOOFY SCIENTIST!



I MUST GET MY BOOK TO RECORD YOUR REACTIONS!

IF HE'D LEAVE THE ROOM --(COUGH)-- I COULD --(COUGH)-- GET OUT OF HERE --- I CAN'T GIVE AWAY --(COUGH) MY SECRET!...

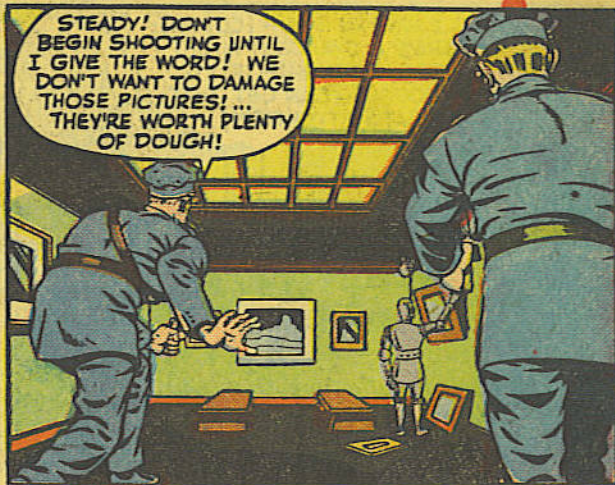


MEANWHILE, A SCENE OF WILD CONFUSION MARKS THE AREA WHERE THE POLICE HAVE TRAPPED THE MECHANIZED MONSTER...

READY WITH THE TEAR GAS BOMBS! KEEP THE SUB-MACHINE GUN READY TO FIRE! LET'S GO!



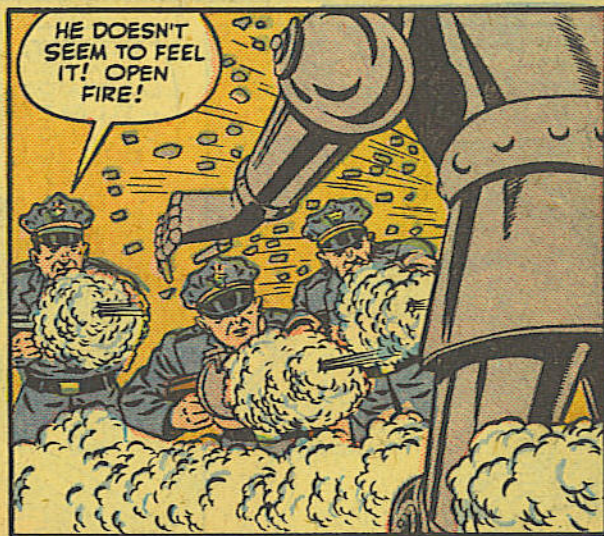
STEADY! DON'T BEGIN SHOOTING UNTIL I GIVE THE WORD! WE DON'T WANT TO DAMAGE THOSE PICTURES!... THEY'RE WORTH PLENTY OF DOUGH!



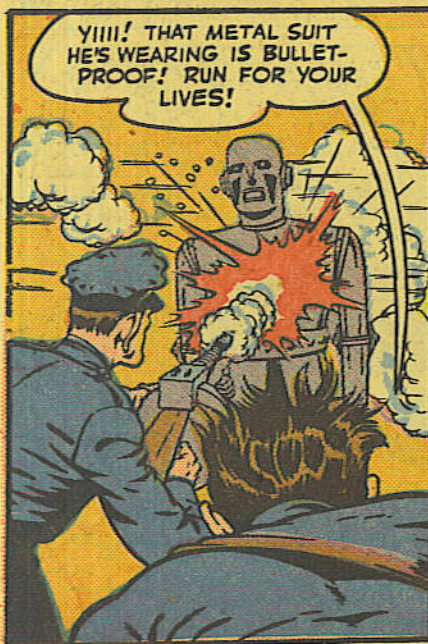
TRY THE TEAR GAS FIRST! THAT'LL MAKE HIM COME OUT OF THAT ARMOR AND FIGHT LIKE A MAN!



HE DOESN'T SEEM TO FEEL IT! OPEN FIRE!



YIIII! THAT METAL SUIT HE'S WEARING IS BULLET-PROOF! RUN FOR YOUR LIVES!

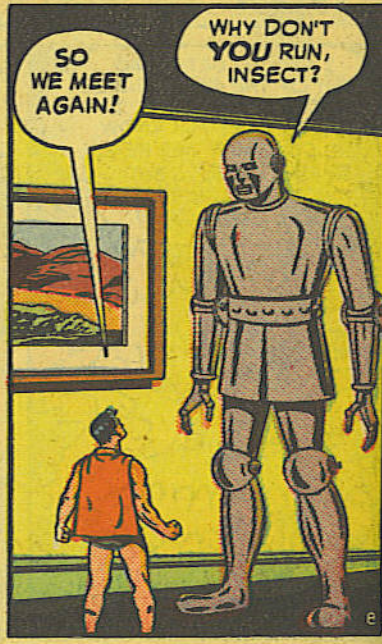


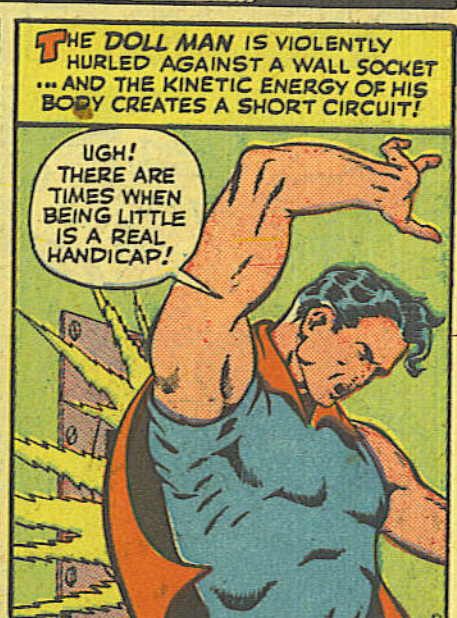
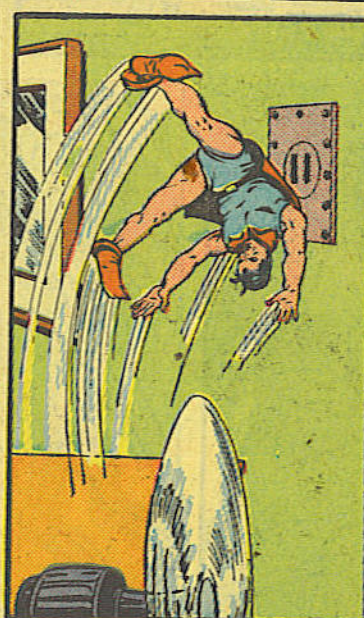
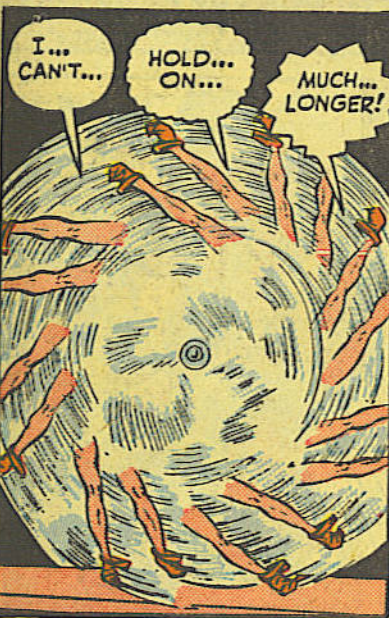
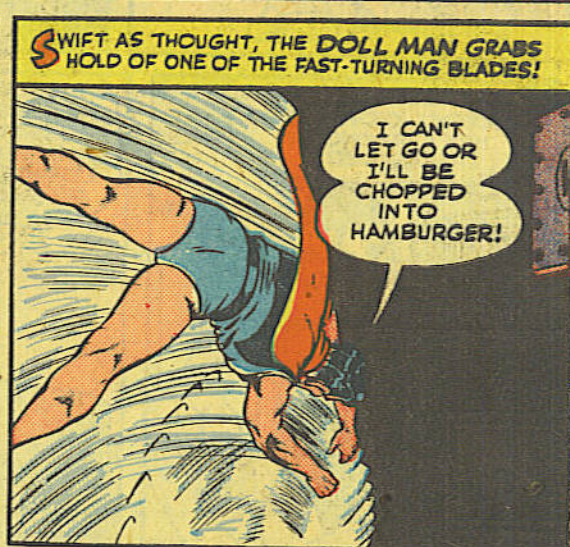
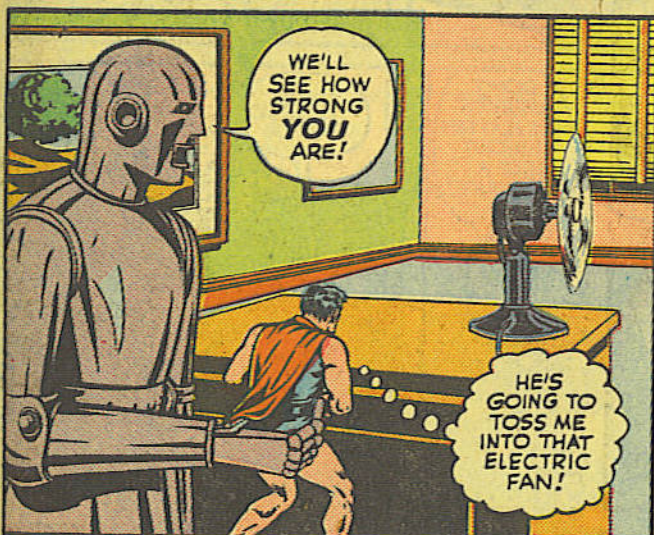
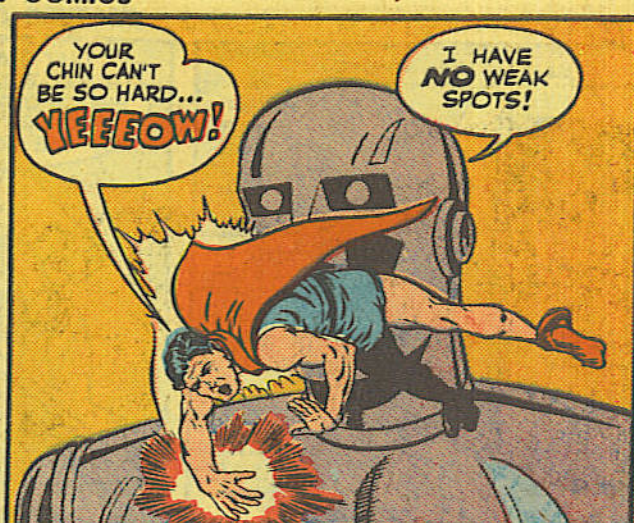
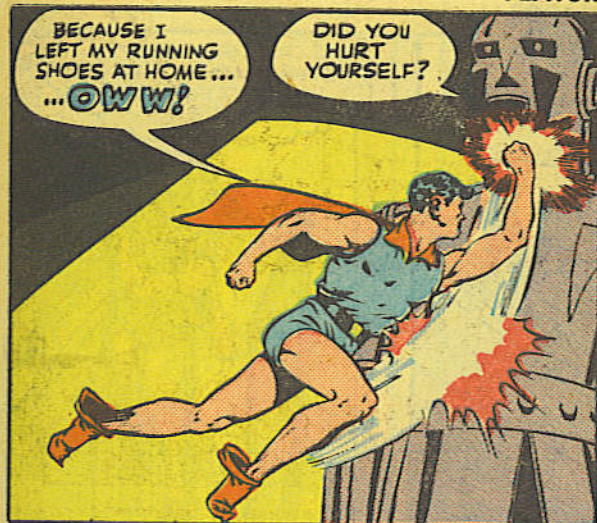
AS THE PANIC-STRICKEN POLICE-MEN FLEE, A TINY FIGURE HURTLES PAST THEM INTO THE BUILDING!...

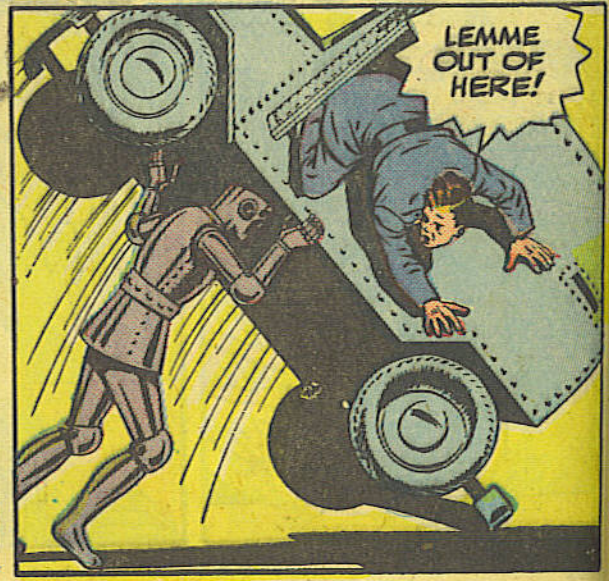
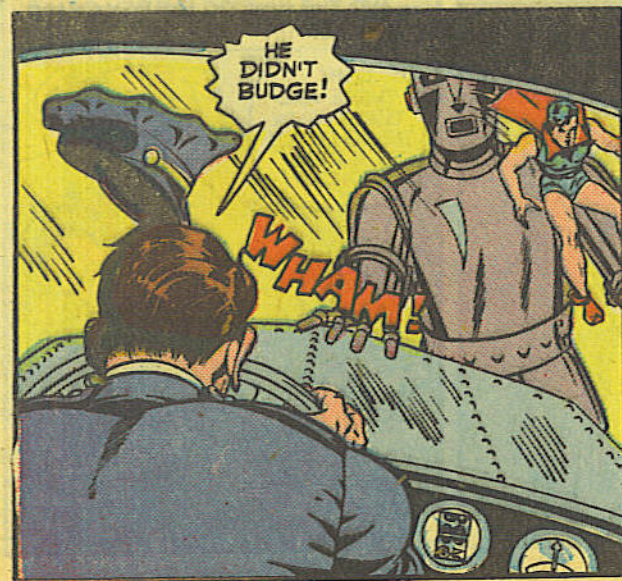
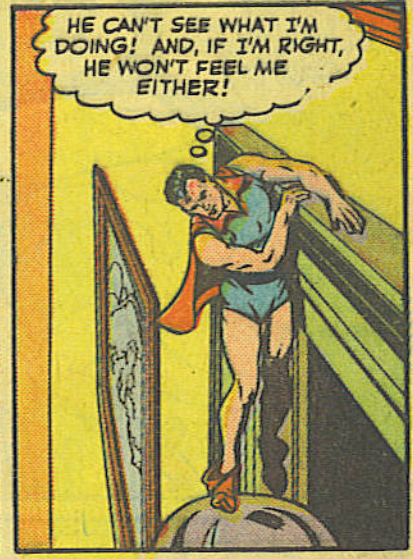
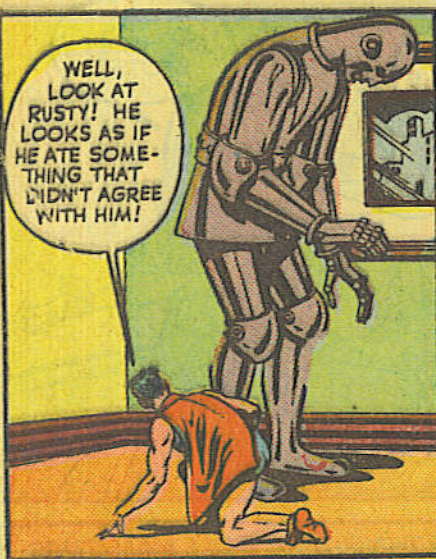


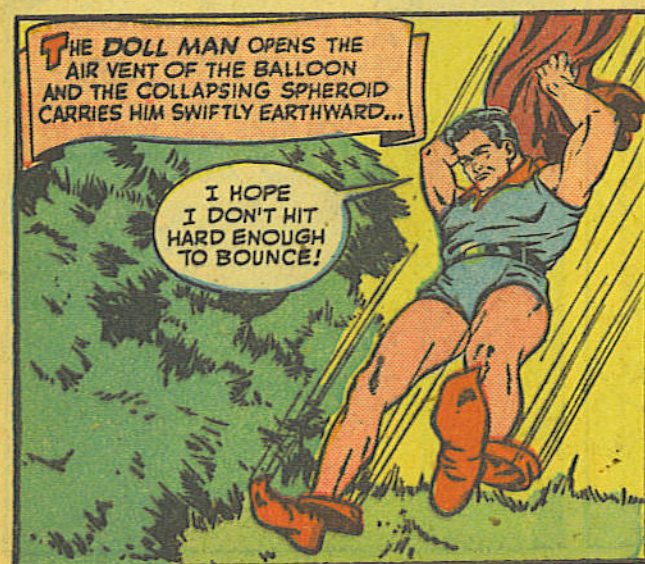
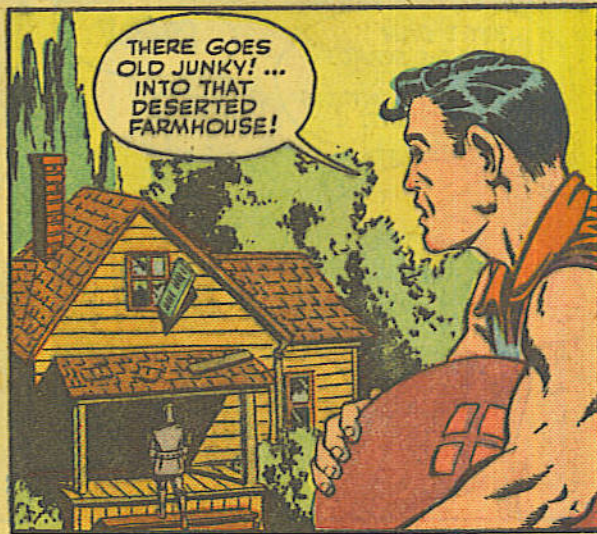
SO WE MEET AGAIN!

WHY DON'T YOU RUN, INSECT?

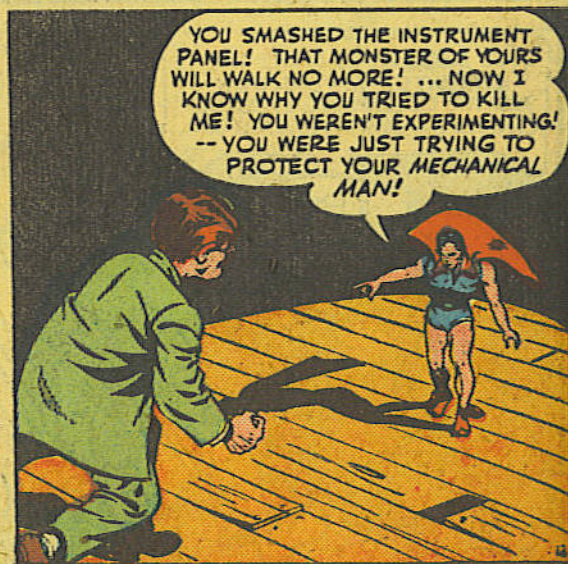
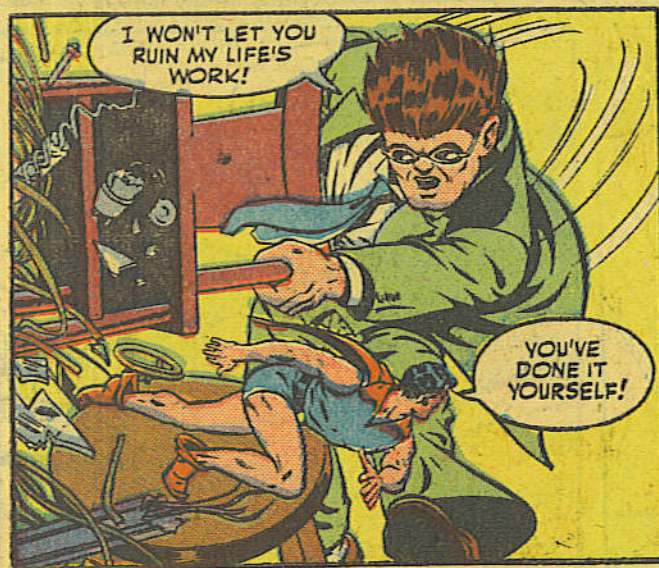
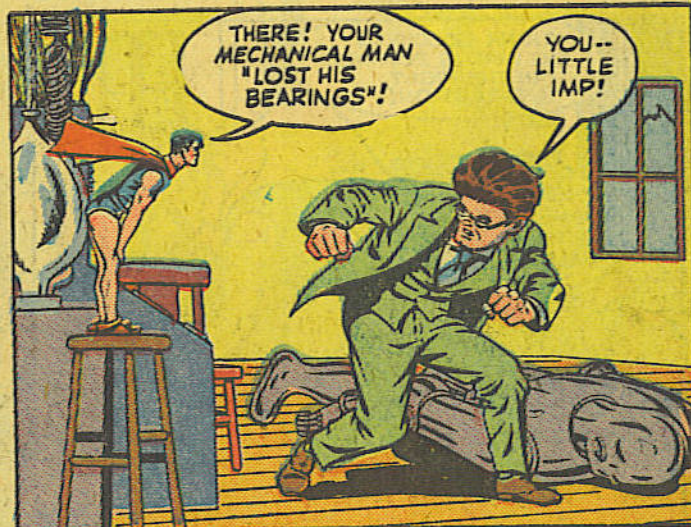
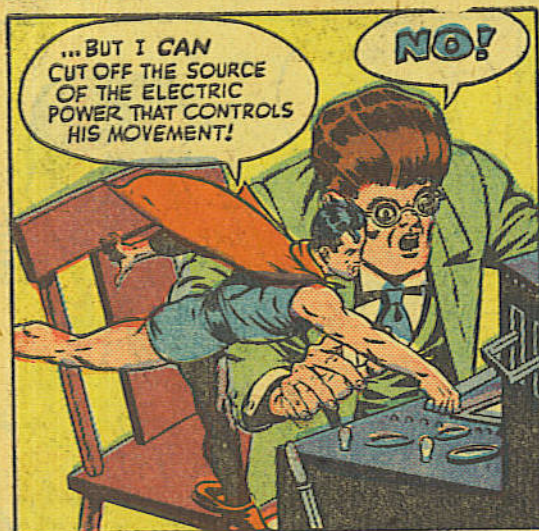
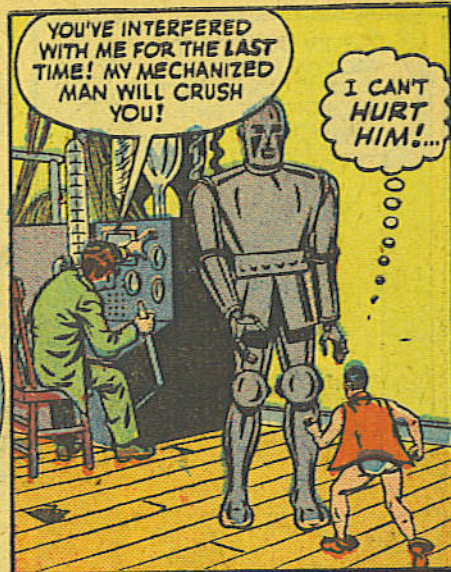


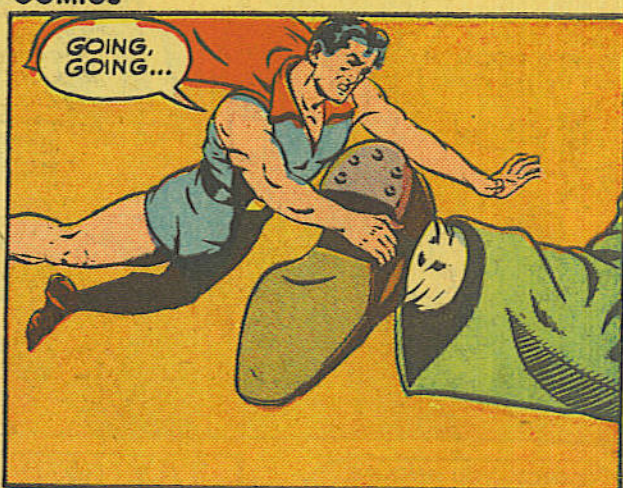






FEATURE COMICS





BIG TOP

OUR MENAGERIE NEEDS A GOOD SHOT IN THE ARM! ... JUST LOOK AT THAT SILLY BIRD!



WE NEED SOMETHING NEW... VITAL... INTERESTING... SOMETHING DIFFERENT!



TAKE THAT FEATHERED JERK TO TOWN AND SELL HIM!... MAYBE WE CAN RAISE ENOUGH TO HIRE ONE MANGY LEOPARD --OR SOMETHIN'...



QUINCY, YOU AND ME ARE THE TWO OLDEST EMPLOYEES IN THE SHOW! AND NOW HE WANTS TO SWAP YOU IN FOR SOMETHIN' DIFFERENT!



TAXIDERMIST



MMM... SOMETHIN' DIFFERENT!

LATER...

WHAT IN...?



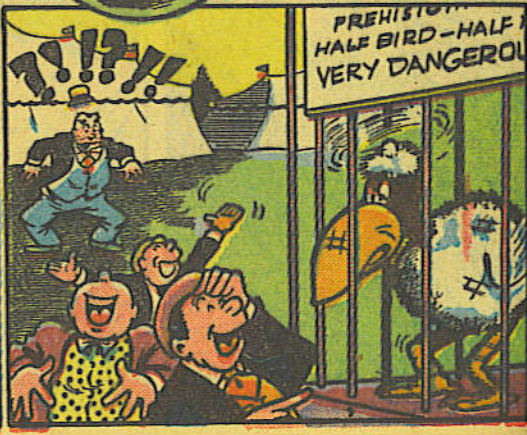
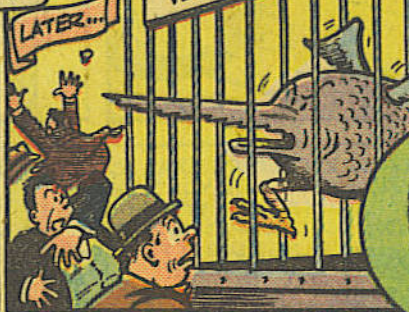
A WALKIN' SWORDFISH, BOSS... PICKED HIM UP IN TOWN!

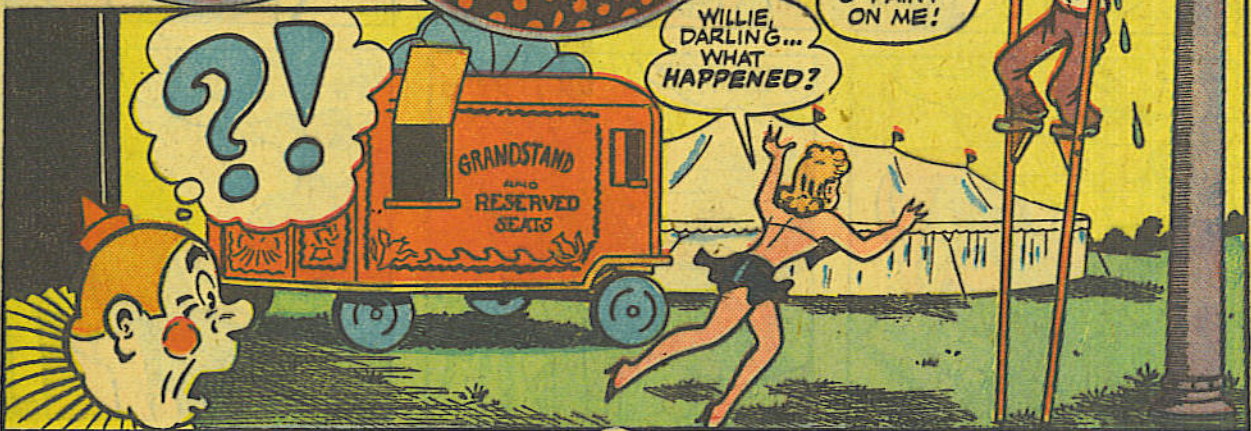
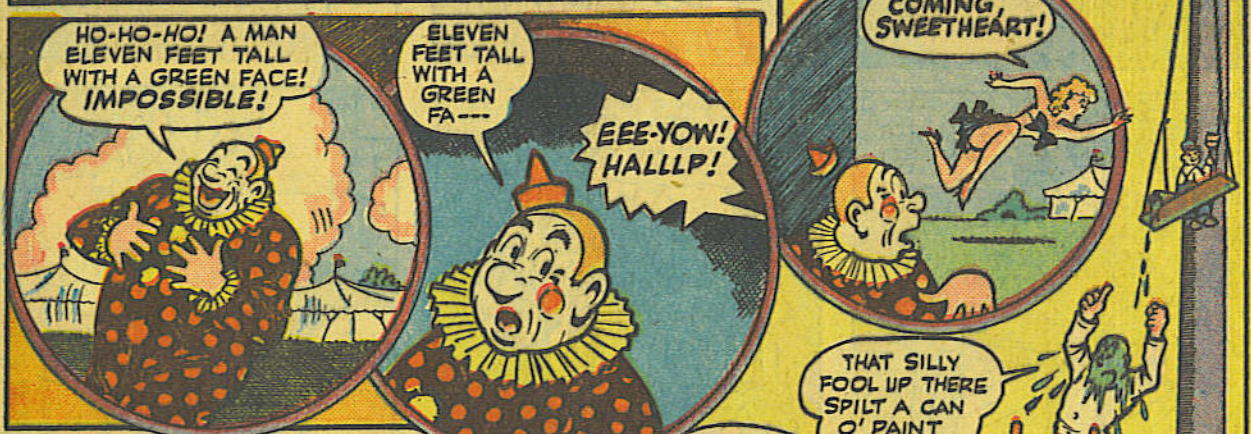
WOW! WHAT A PRIZE! WE'LL BILL HIM AS THE WORLD'S MOST FEROCIOUS LIVING CREATURE!



LATER...

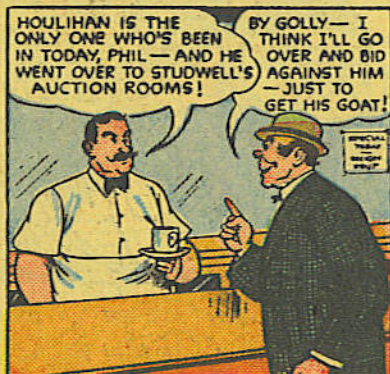
FLYING FISHHOOKS PREHISTORIC HALF BIRD - HALF FISH VERY DANGEROUS!





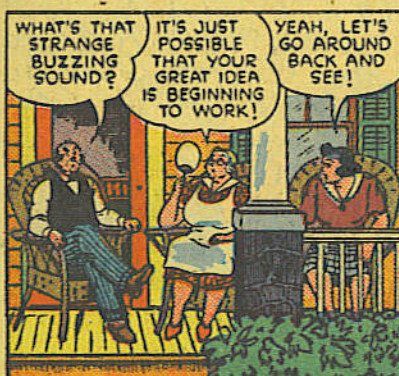
MICKEY FINN

By Lank Leonard



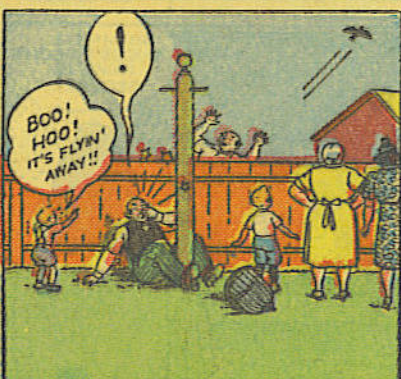
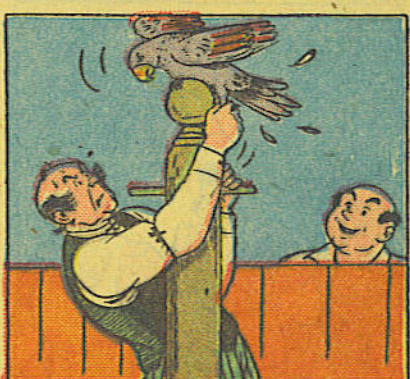
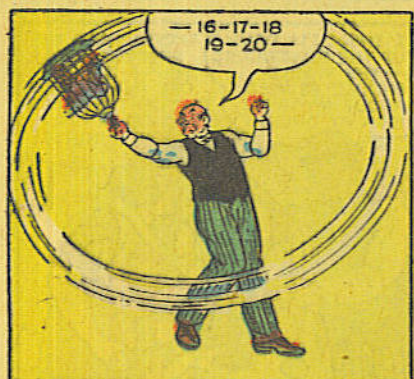
MICKEY FINN

By Lank Leonard



MICKEY FINN

By Lank Leonard



MICKEY FINN

By Lank Leonard



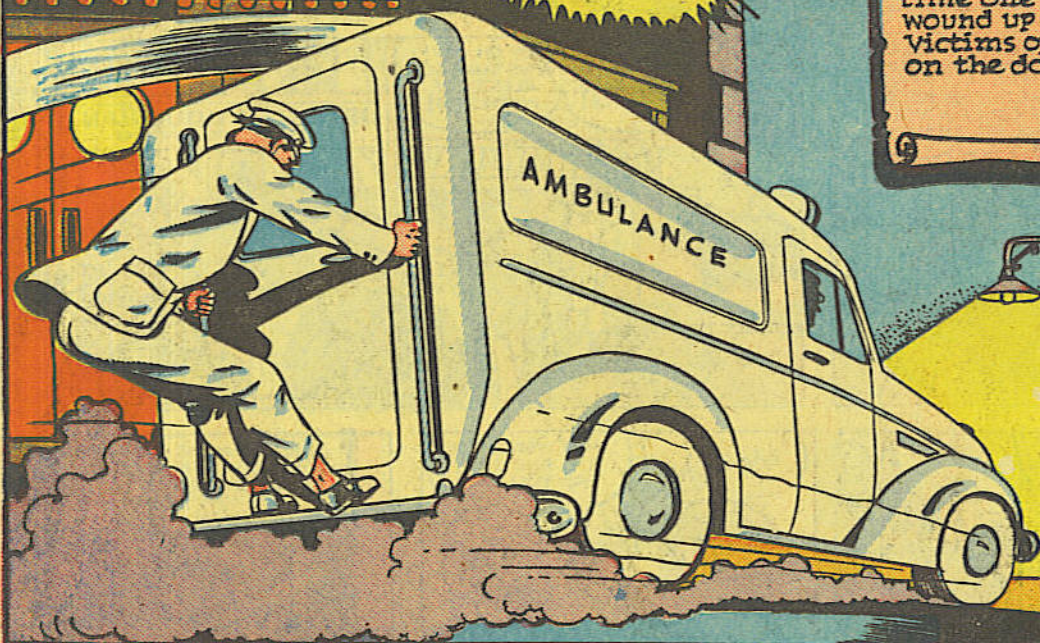
SWING SISSON

by
VERNON
HENKEL

SWING SISSON AND
HIS FAMOUS BAND WITH
Bonnie Baxter

Clover Club

It wasn't the first
time an ambulance
had screamed its
way up to the
Clover Club door...
but undoubtedly
it was the first
time one had ever
wound up with the
Victims operating
on the doctors!



IN THE DRESSING ROOM OF THE
CLOVER CLUB...

BONNIE, WILL
YOU LEND A
HAND?

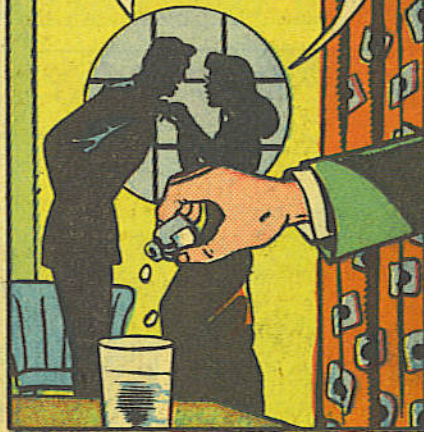
COMING,
SWING...

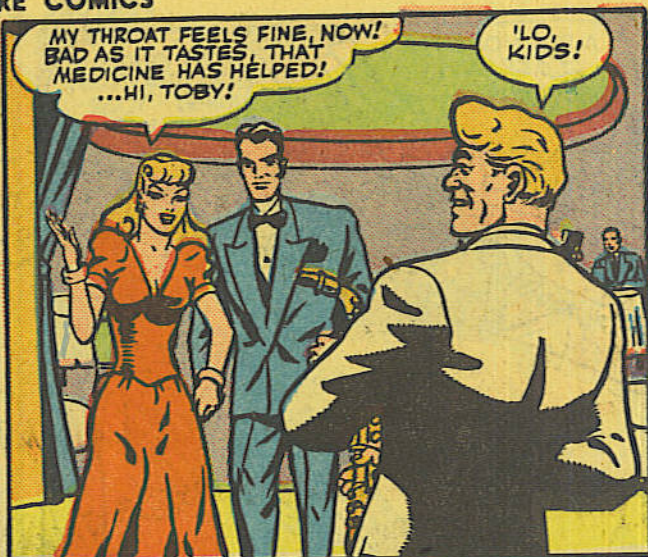
WILL YOU TIE
THIS CONFOUNDED
TIE, BONNIE?
I'M ALL THUMBS
TONIGHT!

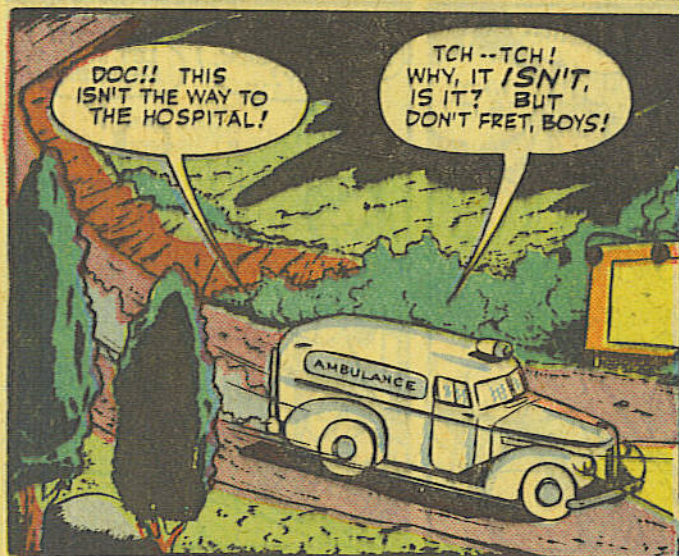
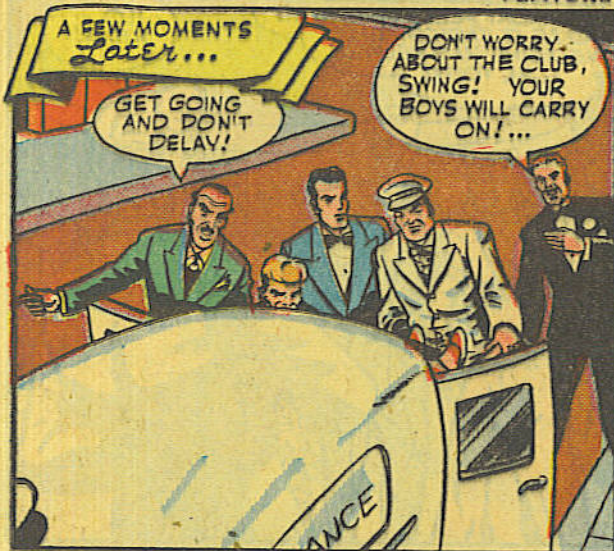
YOU MEN!
WELL,
BRING
IT DOWN
TO MY LEVEL,
SONNY!

THANKS, SWEET!
ARE YOU READY
TO START THE
MUSIC?

AS SOON
AS I TAKE
MY MEDICINE,
SWING!











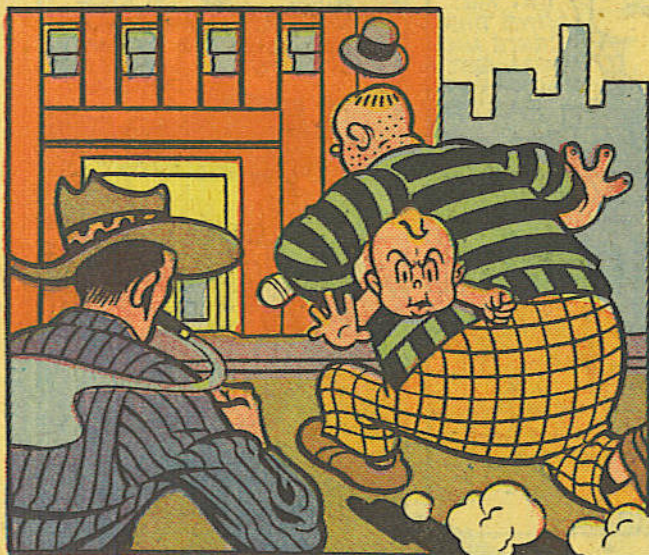
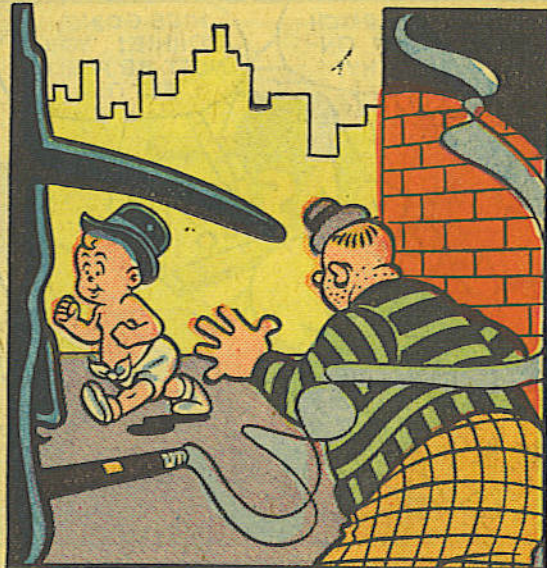


FOLLOW SWING SISSON IN EVERY ISSUE OF *Feature Comics*!

POISON IVY

DAT KID POISON IVY IS GETTING TO BE A NUISANCE! CAN'T DO NUTTIN' WRONG ANYMORE, WID HIM AROUND!

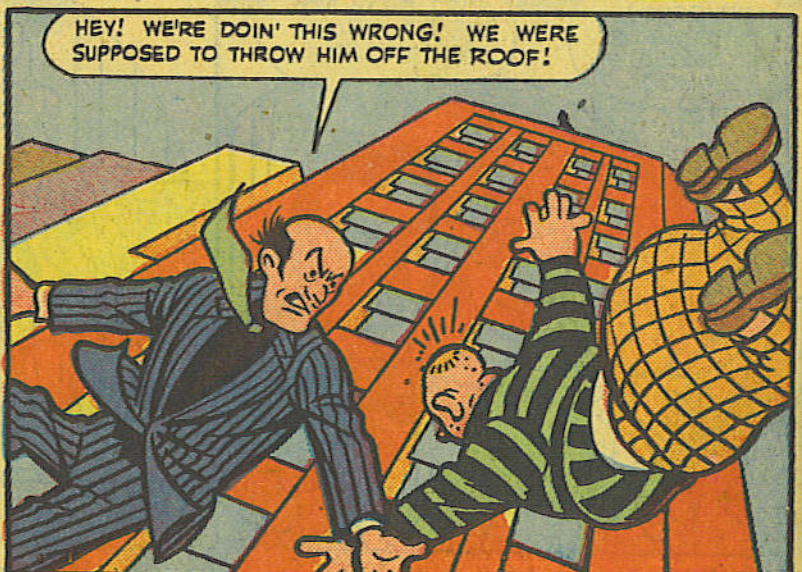
LET'S DO SOMETHING WRONG THE RIGHT WAY!... WHY NOT THROW POISON IVY OFF THE ROOF OF THE VAMPIRE STATE BUILDING!... DAT'LL FINISH HIM!



SO LONG, PEST!



HEY! WE'RE DOIN' THIS WRONG! WE WERE SUPPOSED TO THROW HIM OFF THE ROOF!



LALA PALOOZA

THAT RICH WIDOW HAS NEVER SEEN ME WITH MY HAT OFF ... SO ... BOY ... WILL I WOW HER WITH THIS WIG WHEN I MEET HER IN THE PARK!



Later...

MR. PALOOZA, IT MUST BE THAT SPLENDID HEAD OF HAIR THAT MAKES YOU LOOK SO YOUNG!



OH, SHUCKS, MRS. MEGIM-BISH!

CALL ME VINCENT, WILL YOU?

I JUST TOOK CARE OF IT, THAT'S ALL! ... 'CAUSE I ALWAYS THOUGHT THE GAL THAT MARRIES ME SHOULDN'T JUST GET A GOOD, KIND HE-MAN, BUT ONE WITH BRAINS AND THICK, WAVY HAIR, TOO -- IF POSSIBLE!



OH-OH! HERE COMES THAT TOUGH BOUNCER! ... I FOOLISHLY TIPPED HIM WITH A PHONY TWO-BIT PIECE AT THE SMOKER LAST NIGHT!



AS I FLEW OUT THE WINDOW, HE THREATENED TO TAKE ME APART, NEXT TIME WE MET! ...



YOU KNOW, MR. PALOOZA, YOU'RE AN INTERESTING, UNUSUAL TYPE OF MAN -- ER -- VINCENT, I MEAN...



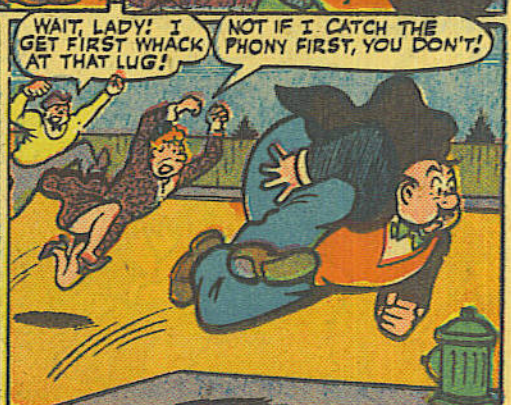
EEEEEEK! SHHHH!



HELP! -- WHERE DID YOU COME FROM?

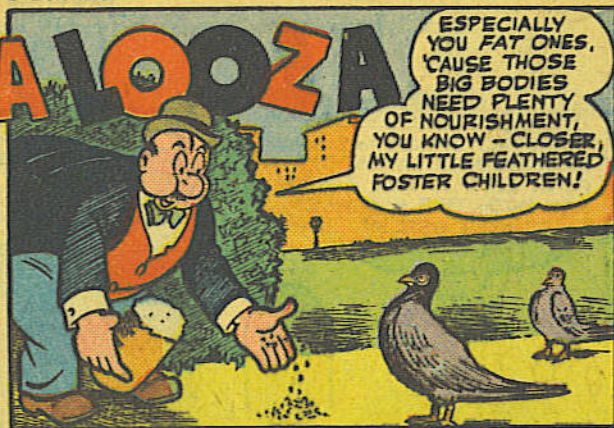
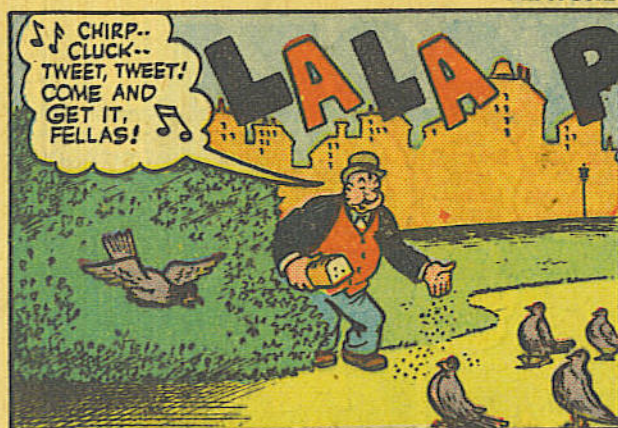
VINCENT PALOOZA! WHAT HAPPENED TO YOUR HAIR?

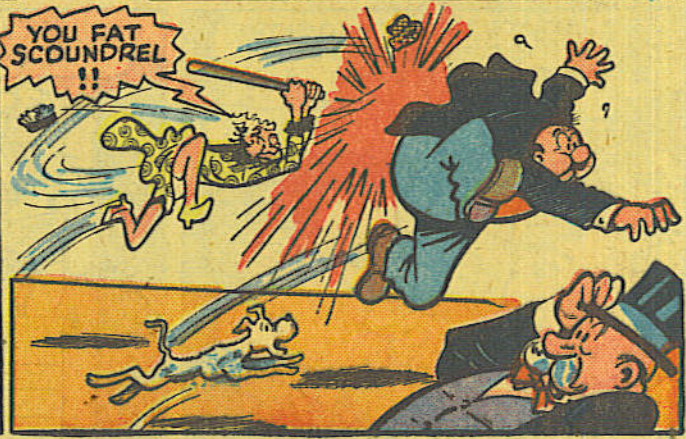
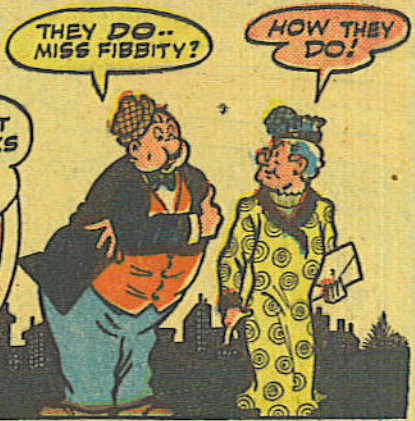
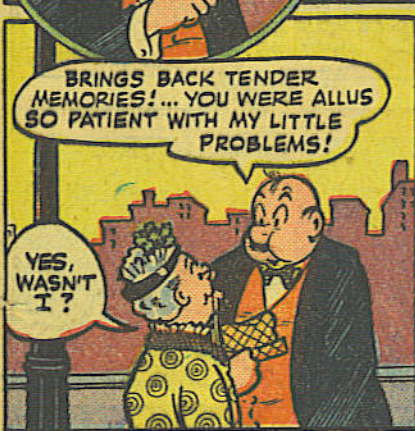
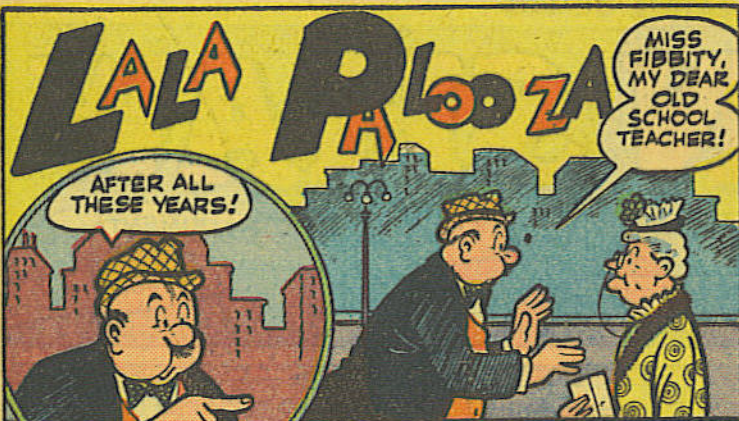
YEP -- IT'S PALOOZA, ALL RIGHT!



WAIT, LADY! I GET FIRST WHACK AT THAT LUG!

NOT IF I CATCH THE PHONY FIRST, YOU DON'T!





SPIN SHAW

FLASH!... U.S. NAVAL ACE FACES COURT-MARTIAL FOR CONDUCT DETRIMENTAL TO SERVICE!

SPIN PROVES THAT A MAN MAY OFFER MORE THAN HIS LIFE IN THE CAUSE OF FREEDOM!

SOMEWHERE IN THE SOUTH PACIFIC, A NAVAL COURT SITS IN SOLEMN JUDGMENT...

CAPTAIN SHAW, THIS COURT HAS EXAMINED THE EVIDENCE AND FINDS YOU GUILTY OF CONDUCT UNBECOMING AN OFFICER AND A GENTLEMAN...

...FURTHER, WE FIND YOU GUILTY OF DELIBERATE AND RECKLESS DISOBEDIENCE OF ORDERS, ENDANGERING THE LIVES OF YOUR COMRADES! HAVE YOU ANYTHING TO SAY?

YES, I HAVE! I JOINED THIS MAN'S NAVY TO FIGHT -- NOT TO FLY PRETTY FORMATIONS! WHEN A JAP SHOWS UP -- I GO AFTER HIM!

SO IT SEEMS! CAPTAIN SHAW, IT IS THE SENTENCE OF THIS COURT-MARTIAL THAT YOU BE DEMOTED TO ORDINARY SEAMAN'S RATING!...

WH-A-A-T?

...AND THAT YOU BE CONFINED IN THE BRIG FOR THE DURATION OF THE WAR! GUARDS, TAKE THE PRISONER TO HIS CELL!

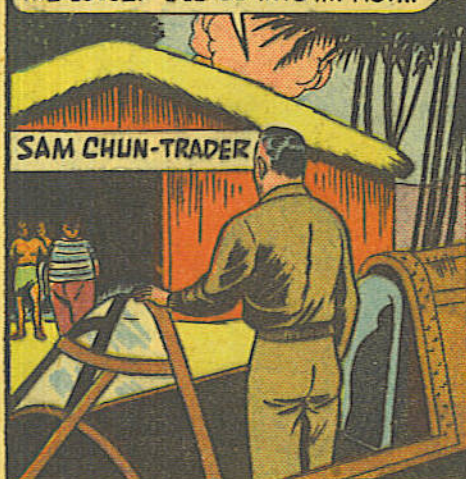
OH, YEAH...?

WE'LL TALK ABOUT THAT WHEN YOU CATCH ME!

STOP! GET HIM, YOU MEN!



AND HERE'S SAMMY HIMSELF, NO DOUBT -- THOUGH I'VE NEVER MET THE LOUSE! I'LL GO INTO MY ACT...



AH! AMERICAN PILOT WELCOME TO HUMBLE ESTABLISHMENT! YOU COME TO BUY, NO?



YES, I WAS RETURNING FROM A MISSION AND RAN OUT OF GAS!...

YOU HANDLE GAS, DON'T YOU? FIX ME UP WITH ENOUGH TO MAKE BASE AND I'LL...



SO SORRY, CAPTAIN SHAW! YOU TELL VERY GOOD STORY...

BUT AMERICAN RADIO TELL DIFFERENT STORY! SAY YOU NOT PLAN RETURN TO BASE! YOU RUNAWAY-- STEAL PLANE...



OKAY, WISE GUY! SO YOU KNOW I'M HOT! THEN YOU KNOW I'LL PLUG ANYBODY WHO TRIES TO STOP ME! GET THAT GAS!



YOU VERY FOOLISH, CAPTAIN SHAW!...

MY RADIO BOY WATCH FROM SHACK! IF I RAISE MY HAND, HE NOTIFY BASE THAT YOU ARE HERE! WITHOUT GAS YOU CANNOT GO...



YOU RAISE YOUR HAND AND I'LL BLOW IT OFF, SNAKE-EYES! I'VE GOT NOTHING TO LOSE EITHER WAY, NOW!

COME TO MY SHACK, CAPTAIN! PERHAPS I CAN HELP YOU! I KNOW WHERE A PILOT CAN MAKE A FORTUNE QUICKLY!



I'LL LISTEN -- BUT DON'T TRY ANYTHING!

AH, SO? NUUA TELLS ME YOUR GAS TANK REALLY IS EMPTY! I THOUGHT THIS MIGHT BE A TRICK TO TRAP ME!



HURRY UP AND SPILL THE PROPOSITION! I CAN'T STAY FOREVER!



I SHALL BE BLUNT, CAPTAIN! YOU CAN'T REJOIN YOUR OWN SQUADRON! THE JAPS WILL PAY YOU A THOUSAND A MONTH TO FLY FOR THEM!

THE JAPS, EH? I DON'T LIKE IT!



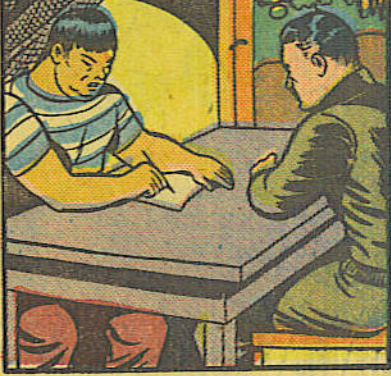
....BUT WHAT ELSE CAN I DO? I HAVE TO LIVE AND MY CROWD'S DOWN ON ME!

SPLENDID! I'LL NOTIFY THEM AND HIDE YOU AND YOUR PLANE UNTIL YOU CAN BE TRANSFERRED!



PARDON ME WHILE I WORK OUT THE CODE TO SIGNAL THEM!

I'M MAKING TIME! AT LAST I'LL FIND OUT HOW HE CONTACTS THE JAPS!



A FEW MINUTES LATER...

TAKE FOUR MEN AND FISH FROM THE BEACH! THIS MAP WILL SHOW YOU WHERE TO STAND AND WHAT CLOTHING TO WEAR...

WELL, I'LL BE BLASTED! THAT'S HOW YOU COMMUNICATE!



I GET IT! YOU ARRANGE NATIVE FISHERMEN IN A CERTAIN ORDER! A JAP SUB SPOTS THEM AND READS THE MESSAGE FROM THEIR POSITIONS!

IT DOES NOT PAY TO BE TOO CLEVER, CAPTAIN SHAW!



OH, YES IT DOES, BABY! I PUT ON THIS WHOLE ACT TO LEARN THAT TRICK! WE KNEW YOU COMMUNICATED-- BUT WE COULDN'T TELL HOW!

NUUA! KILL HIM!



THIS ISN'T NUUA'S KILLING DAY, SAM!

BUT IT IS MINE, AMERICAN DOG!



NOT UNLESS YOU'RE LEFT-HANDED, SAM!

AIEEEEE! MY WRIST!



FEATURE COMICS

OH, SO YOU TWO FELT NEGLECTED, DID YOU?



NEVER LET IT BE SAID THAT SPIN SHAW OVERLOOKED ANYBODY!



NOW FOR WHAT TH...?

YOUR DEFEAT, TOO-CLEVER CAPTAIN SHAW!



WITH RADIO SMASHED, YOU CANNOT CALL YOUR FRIENDS! AND I HAVE NO GAS, SO YOU CANNOT FLY AWAY! TONIGHT A SUBMARINE WILL COME...

AND I'LL BE CAUGHT, EH? HOW JOLLY, SAMMY!



WELL, JUST TO SHOW YOU HOW SMART YOU WERE, BUDDY -- HIKE FOR MY PLANE! AND REMEMBER, I'VE GOT A GUN!



SEE THAT BOMB DOWN THERE IN THE RACK, SAMMY? THAT'S NO BOMB -- BUT A RESERVE GAS TANK, JUST IN CASE SOMETHING LIKE THIS HAPPENED!



A FEW HOURS LATER...

SO THAT'S HOW HE REPORTED OUR FLIGHT ROUTES TO THE NIPS, SIR! THERE'S A SUB DUE AT HIS PLACE TONIGHT!

FINE! WE'LL BE THERE, TOO-- WITH PLENTY OF BOMBS! GREAT JOB, CAPTAIN!



THERE'LL BE A MEDAL FOR THIS JOB, CAPTAIN! YOU RISKED YOUR GOOD NAME AND HONOR, WHICH IS MORE THAN LIFE!

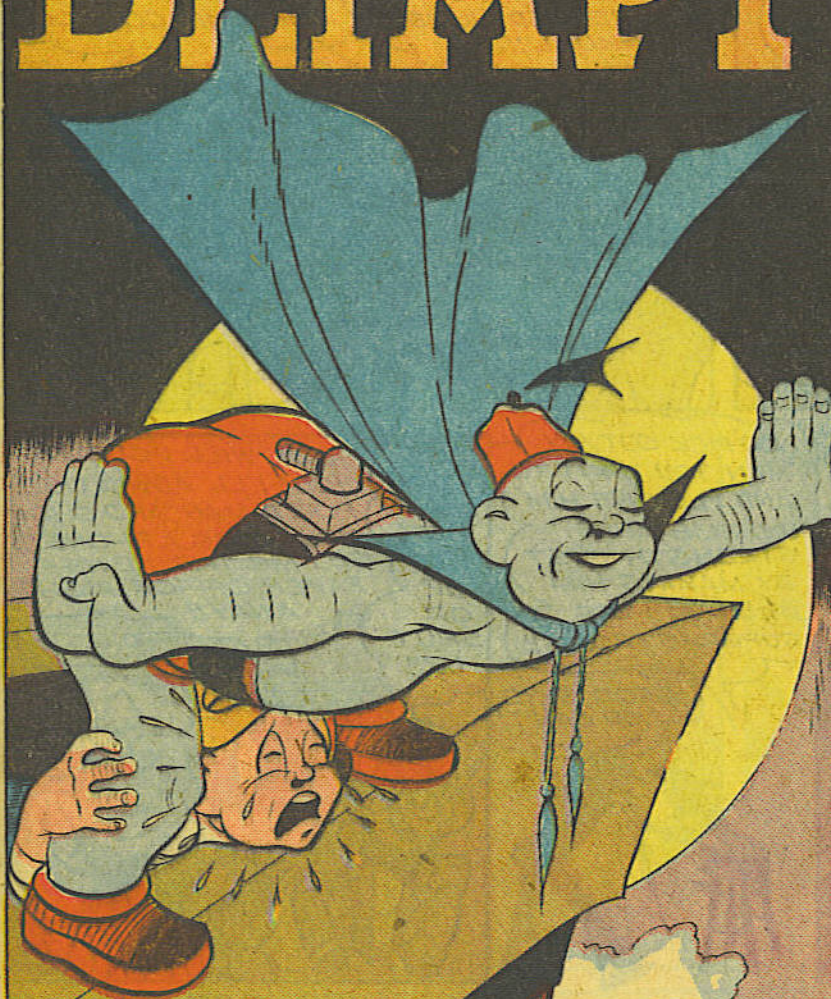
THANK YOU, SIR-- BUT THE BOYS WHO REALLY DESERVE MEDALS ARE THE ONES I SLUGGED MAKING MY GETAWAY! I HAD TO MAKE IT REALISTIC!



YOU'RE TELLING US!

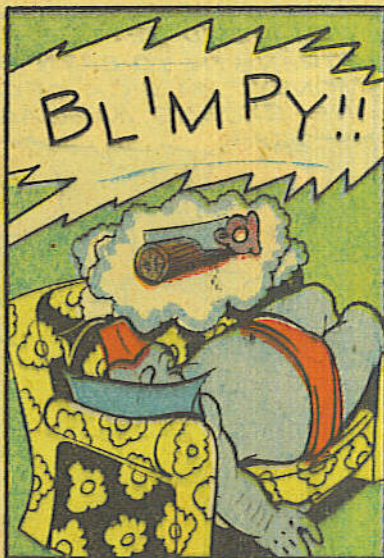


BLIMPY



IT'S NO DREAM, FOLKS!
MEET CAPTAIN BLIMPY,
THE SUPER-BUDDHA!!
ALL HE HAS TO DO IS
PRONOUNCE THE MYSTIC
WORD SKAGGERACK
TO CHANGE HIMSELF
INTO... WELL MAYBE
YOU'D BETTER SEE
FOR YOURSELF WHAT
HE CHANGES INTO!!

TONY
DiPRETA

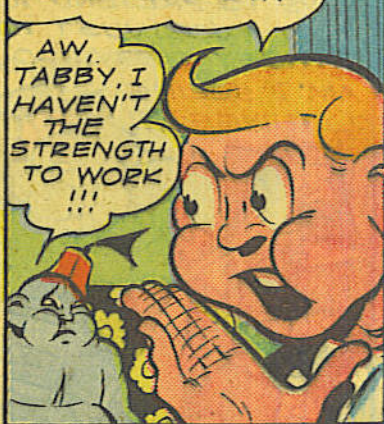


BLIMPY, YOU
BIG LAZY BUM!!
ALL YOU'VE
DONE IS
GROAN
AROUND AND
SLEEP!!

HO-HMMM,
GOSH,!!
TABBY,
YOU CAN'T
IMAGINE
HOW TIRED
I AM ALL
THE TIME!!

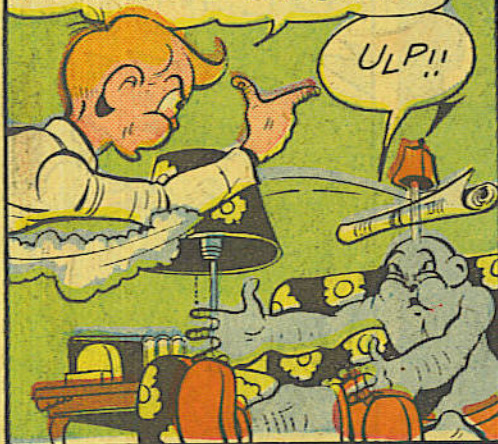


ALL THAT AILS YOU IS
BOREDOM! YOU NEVER
DO ANYTHING!! GET OUT
AND GET NEW INTER-
ESTS - A JOB...



WELL, YOU'D BETTER FIND THE STRENGTH TO EARN SOME MONEY! I'M SICK OF CARRYING EXCESS BAGGAGE!!

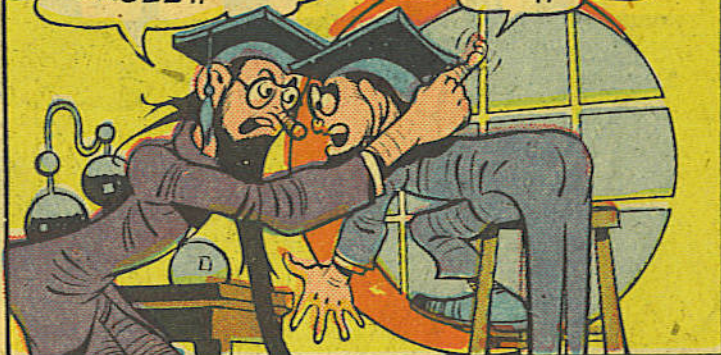
ULP!!



LET'S GO BACK A DAY TO A SCENE THAT WILL HAVE A GREAT BEARING ON OUR STORY—

PROFESSOR WITZ, YOU ARE AN IGNORANT, PIG-HEADED NUMB-SKULL!!

PROFESSOR DIMM, YOU ARE A RATTLE-BRAIN NIMCOMPOOP!!



YOUR THEORY IS ALL WET! YOU CAN'T MAKE A WEAKLING INTO A HERCULES JUST BY MENTAL SUGGESTION!!

THAT'S ALL YOU KNOW ABOUT IT, DRIP!!

YOU PICK OUT ANY MAN YOU WANT TO AND I'LL GIVE HIM UNBELIEVABLE STRENGTH JUST BY MAKING HIM BELIEVE HE'S SUPER-STRONG!!

\$500 SAYS YOU CAN'T!



I'LL TAKE THAT BET! PUT UP OR SHUT UP!!

BOY, WILL I CLEAN YOU! I'LL ADVERTISE FOR A MAN AND SHOW YOU UP AS A PHONEY!! GET ME THE NEWS-PAPER OFFICE RIGHT AWAY!!



NOW LET'S RETURN TO OUR WASHED-OUT HERO

YAWWNN!! I SUPPOSE I'LL HAVE TO PRETEND TO HUNT A JOB, JUST TO SATISFY TABBY..EEOWW AM I SEEING THINGS!??!



CLASSIFIED ADS

MAN WANTED FOR PSYCHOLOGY EXPERIMENT!!!

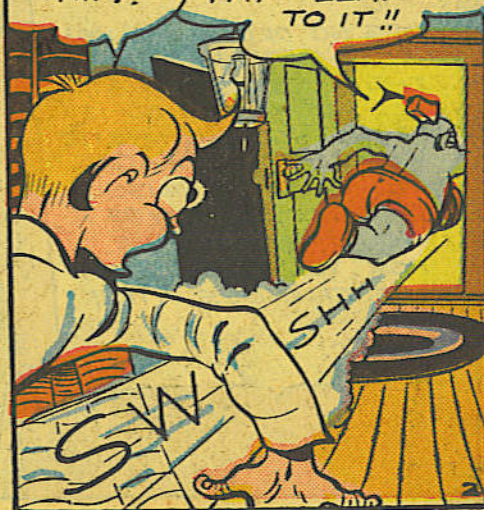
NO WORK!! BIG PAY!!!

APPLY PROFESSOR DIMM, UNIVERSITY HALL!!

IN A FIVE MINUTE TIME!!

WHAT TH..??

NO WORK-BIG PAY-LEAD ME TO IT!!



AT THE UNIVERSITY—

PROFESSOR DIMM,
THE APPLICANTS
ARE HERE FOR
THAT POSITION
YOU ADVER-
TISED!!

I'LL COME
OUT AND
LOOK THEM
OVER!!



NO SENSE IN GIVING THAT
FOOL WITZ THE ADVAN-
TAGE OF A NATURALLY
STRONG MAN!! HMMM,
LET'S SEE!!

AHHH!! THE PERFECT
SPECIMEN!! HE
COULDN'T LIFT HIS
EAR OFF A BARB-WIRE
PILLOW.. HEY, YOU!!
—WAKE UP!! YOU
GET THE JOB!!



I SAID WAKE UP!!
OH, NEVER MIND!!
IT'LL BE WORTH IT
TO SEE WITZ'S FACE
WHEN I HAND HIM
THIS SPECIMEN.



OH WITZ !!!
BRING YOUR
FIVE HUNDRED
AND COME
DOWN !!



GO AHEAD, WIT-
LESS! LET'S
SEE YOU TURN
THIS SPECI-
MEN INTO A
HERCULES!!



I SHALL, MY
DEAR JERK..
HE LOOKS
LIKE THE
PERFECT TYPE
—SEE THIS
BELT??

EVERY TIME THE
WEARER SHOUTS
SKAGGERACK!—A
BLANK CARTRIDGE IN
THE BACK OF THE
BELT EXPLODES WITH
A BANG!!



SO WHAT?!

YOU'LL SEE!! WAKE
HIM UP AND LET'S
BEGIN THE
EXPERIMENT!!

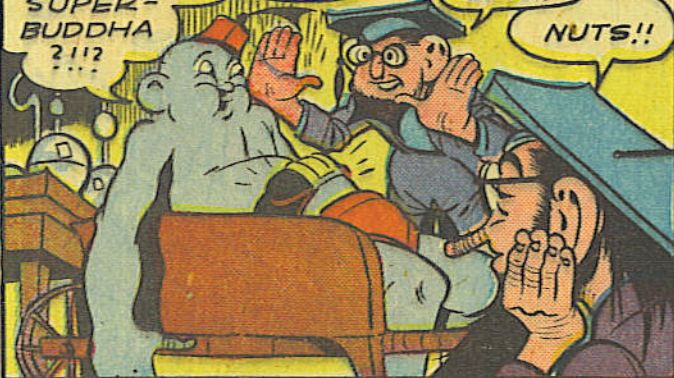


A FEW MOMENTS LATER

G-GOLLY! YOU MEAN ALL I HAVE TO DO IS YELL SKA .. THAT WORD-AND I BECOME A MIGHTY SUPER-BUDDHA ?!?

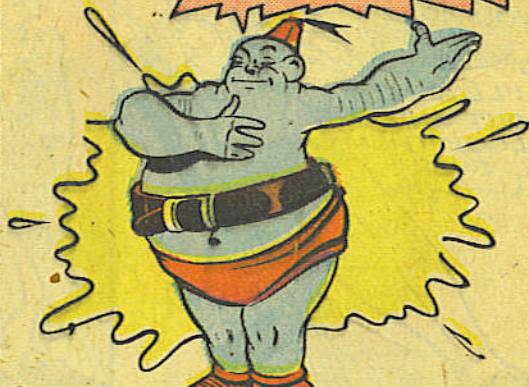
RIGHT!! THE MAGIC WORD BRINGS A BURST OF MAGIC THUNDER- AND YOU BECOME A NEW MAN!!

NUTS!!

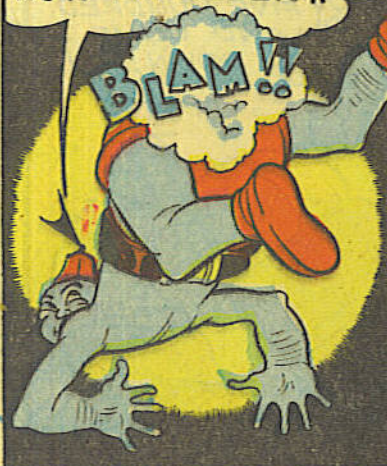


EEEOOWIEE!! WAIT'LL TABBY SEES WHAT I AM !! NOW I'LL BE A REAL COMICS HERO!!

SKAGGERACK!!



IT WORKS!! DID'JA HEAR THAT THUNDER? NOW I'M SUPER !!



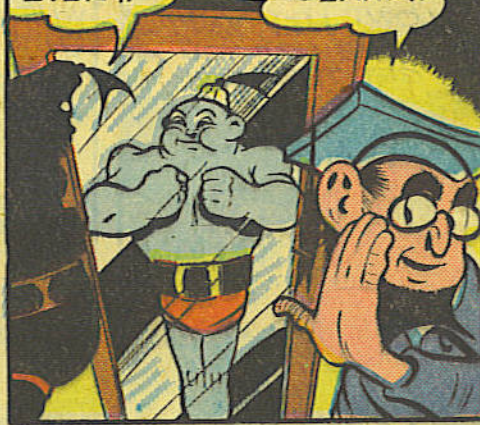
HOORAY!! I EVEN FEEL DIFFERENT!! HOW DO I LOOK-LIKE STUPORMAN OR CORPORAL MARBLE??

GO LOOK AT YOURSELF IN THE MIRROR !!!



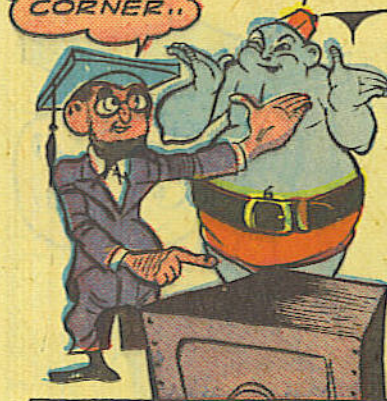
LOOK AT ME!! NOW I'M HANDSOMER THAN EVER !!

A DISTORTING MIRROR I BORROWED FROM PONY ISLAND!!



TRY YOUR STRENGTH, SON, MOVE THAT SAFE INTO THE OPPOSITE CORNER..

SURE!! WITH WHICH HAND!!



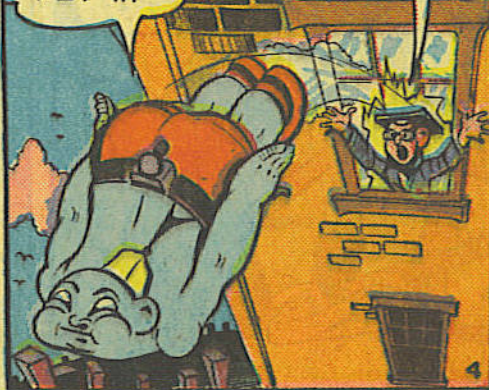
YOWIEE!! I DON'T KNOW MY OWN STRENGTH!! I'M GOING OUT AND IN FIGHT CRIME AND BE A HERO!!

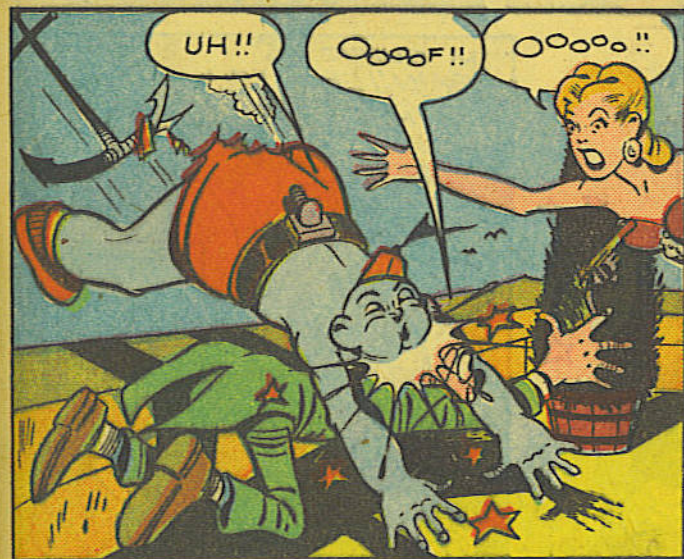
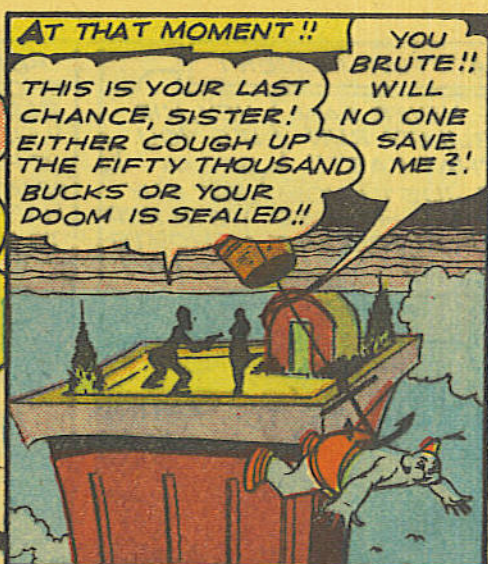
FIVE HUNDRED BUCKS SUCKER! IN CASH PLEASE..



IS IT A STRAWHAT? IS IT A KITE? IS IT A P-38?? NO- IT'S SUPER-BUDDHA !!! WATCH ME FLY !!!

WAIT!! YOU CAN'T FLY...

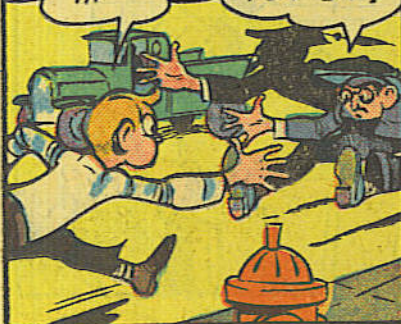




AT THAT MOMENT

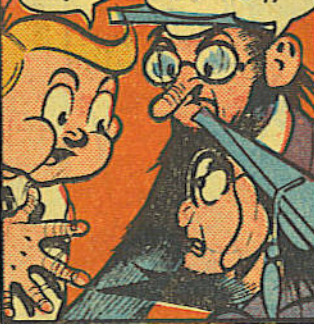
I NEVER SAW BLIMPY RUN THAT FAST!! I JUST KNOW HE'S HEADED FOR TROUBLE !!!

HEY, KID - DID YOU SEE A FAT GUY WITH RED SHORTS FLY BY?



RED SHORTS? HE WENT FLYING UP ON THAT BUILDING! HE THINKS HE'S SUPER, AND MAYBE HE IS!!

BLIMPY!! WHERE IS HE? WHAT'S HAPPENED TO HIM ??



FLYING!! OMIGOSH!! WE'VE GOT TO SAVE HIM!!

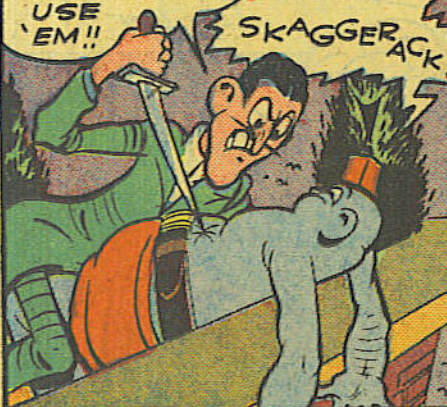
WHY DID I EVER GET INTO THIS MESS IN THE FIRST PLACE ??



MEANWHILE

IF YUH GOT ANY PRAYERS, YUH BETTER USE 'EM!!

M-MAYBE I'D BETTER TRY THE MAGIC W-WORD AGAIN!!



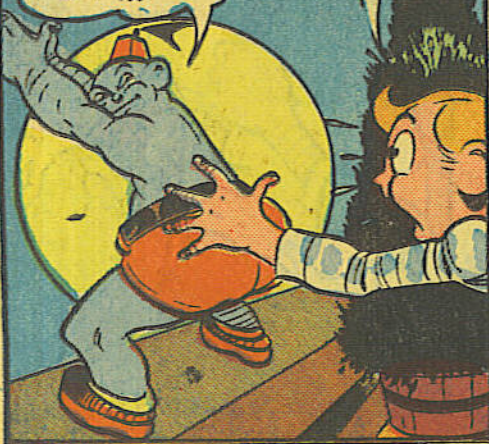
I'M SUPER AGAIN!! EEE EEEAYHOOOO..

BLIMPY!! THERE HE IS! GRAB HIM!!



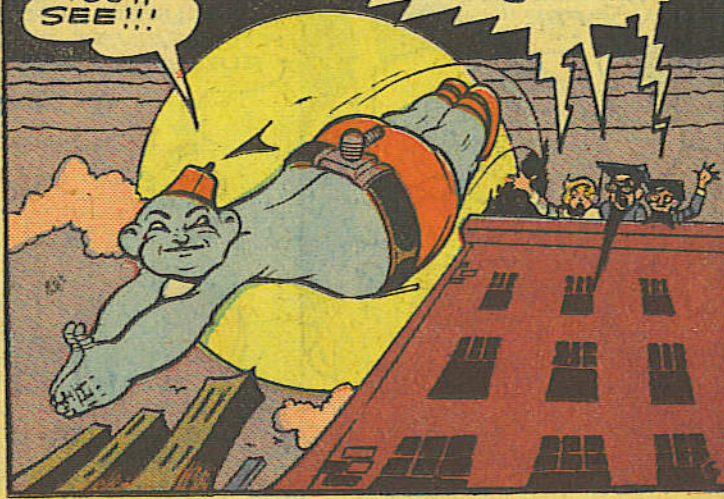
LOOK, TABBY! I'M A REAL SUPER-HERO, NOW! I CAN FLY !!!

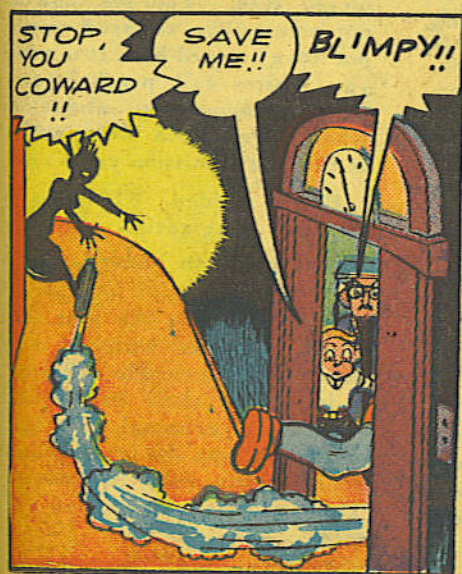
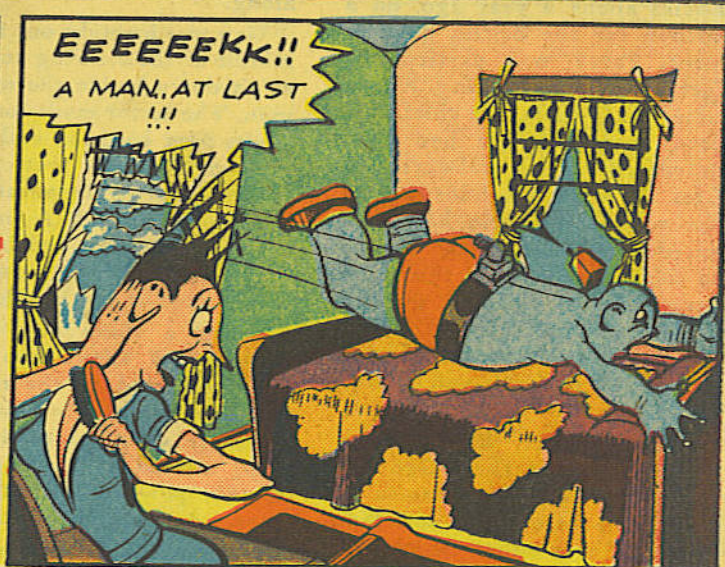
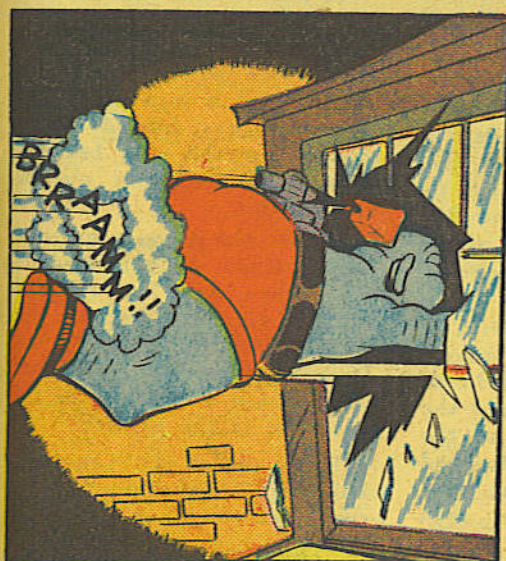
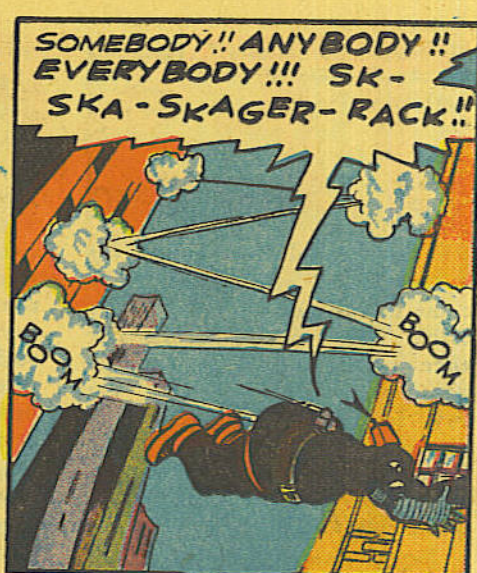
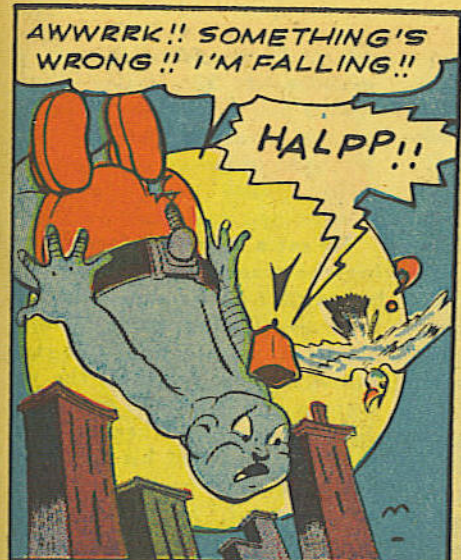
BUT, BLIMPY!!



WATCH, AND I'LL SHOW YOU!! SEE!!!

EEEOOCKK!!





TEST of FIRE

IF you travel far enough up the Congo, you'll eventually come in contact with the Ebalas tribe. This may be an experience you'll enjoy; but chances are you will find it just the reverse. The Ebalas are a strange, out-of-place tribe there in the heart of Africa. They do not react to form. They are misfits.

Perry Scott discovered the Ebalas about a year ago, on a mission for the British government. Perry was particularly fortunate in his meeting. At the time, old U-balla, the chief, had been murdered. He had been murdered by his stalwart son, Gan. Or so the medicine man of the village said. He had been murdered because Gan wanted to reign as king, and thus take unto himself all the worldly possessions of old U-balla, which amounted to considerable in the way of cattle and colored cloths.

Old U-balla had several wives, too, but these Gan did not want. But what was to be done with these wives, now that the chief was gone? Of course, they could be killed, or traded to another tribe for cattle, but that wasn't the thing the medicine man cared to do; made bad feelings, and one lost face with the tribesmen to make chattels of barter of the deceased chief's wives. So what was there to be done?

Now it so happens that in the tribe of the Ebalas a widow is looked upon as a sort of pariah by the married women; and as less than that by the marriageable young women. So here was a poser indeed.

It was into this odd situation that Perry Scott wandered about a year ago. The trial of the murderer Gan was to come off imminently. The medicine man, being a good sort and

with an eye to publicity, invited Perry to be a member of the jury. Although being on the jury of the Ebalas meant simply nothing, except as a sort of ring-side seat to watch the strange proceedings.

There was a small clearing near the village to which Gan was dragged, and to which the members of the jury and medicine man went. Perry went along.

Gan was brought out into the middle of the clearing and made to sit down beside the medicine man. The latter made some silly passes over his head and on the ground near his feet, all the time muttering incantations to some invisible god. A small fire was built nearby, fed by strips of reddish bark from some poison tree of the jungle.

Then a stone cup with a capacity of about two quarts was presented to the medicine man by a girl. He poured the contents of a gourd into the cup, stirred it, and dropped certain powders into the mixture. A hot coal was then plopped into the cup, which bubbled over and made a great fuss, frothing and sputtering. More hand passes and mutterings.

"You will drink this," said the medicine man, handing the potion to the accused man. The latter took it gingerly, his eyes rolling.

"Drink it," said the sacred man. "And if you are not the murderer, then you will feel no ill. If you are the murderer, then great pains will seize you in the belly. Drink!"

Gan looked around the clearing as if looking for some help. But he found none. The warriors stood around holding wicked spears, their features savage as they regarded this man. Then Gan drank.

He sat a moment after draining the stone cup. Small drums began *throb-bing*—louder—louder—The old medicine man began a chant, and this was taken up by some of the old women and then the girls. Gan got a horror-stricken look on his face, clutched his fat stomach, and then began rolling on the ground, screaming with pain.

It was all over in a moment. Gan died horribly. They picked up his body like it was something to be fed to the wild dogs and carried it into the jungle. There it was hurled to the ground for the wild beasts to fight over. And that was the end of Gan.

"What was it you gave him?" Perry asked of the medicine man when they had returned to the village. The old man smiled. "Water," he said; "and some harmless cinnamon powder. That is all. Here," he held out some of the powder.

Perry sniffed it. "Cinnamon, all right," he said. "Is that really all you gave him?"

"That is all," replied the sacred man. "You see, had he not been guilty, the stuff would not have harmed him. It is what you whites call psychology. I learned something about it when I went to a white school at the Kenya mission years ago."

Perry nodded. "Then it is all one's imagination, eh?"

The old man nodded. "That is all, Bwana."

And that was the first time Perry had ever watched a lie detector at work. He had heard a lot about their being used, in modern criminal investigation. This was the first instance of its being used by savages. The first Perry Scott had ever seen.

"Pretty good," he comment-

FEATURE COMICS

ed. "Then you'd say that the gastric juices and the muscles of the stomach are the things that worked in Gan's case—gave him the lethal cramps? If he hadn't been guilty, then these manifestations would have been absent?"

Again the old man nodded. "Strange are the ways of the gods," he said. "White or black."

And that, Perry felt, was an astute remark. Also, he wondered a bit if cinnamon had actually been *all* that had constituted that potion.

That first night in camp Perry witnessed a dance such as he had never seen among any tribe, and he had visited many aboriginal tribes throughout the Dark Continent. In the clearing of the village all the young men assembled, dressed scantily, and each painted with weird stripes and blobs of vivid color. A great fire burned in the center and numerous drums were throbbing in the background.

They had set up a huge log in the middle of the clearing, around which the fire leaped, and this was painted to resemble some uncanny monstrosity of man. It was, probably, Perry figured, supposed to be a replica of an enemy of the tribe. The bark had been cleaned off the top of the log and on this smooth surface had been painted the likeness of a horrible face. At a signal, all the men began a dance around the fire, their faces turned toward the log. The old medicine man sat cross-legged near the log, his eyes lifted toward the dark heavens, a strange crooning coming from his thick lips. He scattered, at intervals, a handful of some fine powder over the fire which made it leap up furiously for a moment afterward.

The dancers' tempo increased as the beat of the drums raised and grew louder. The men began a chant, wordless, just a roll of sound that started like a soft wind through the jungle,

increasing until it became a howling gale. Perry involuntarily shivered. This was more than he had ever witnessed before; this was different!

Into the firelight suddenly leaped a young girl, even more scantily clad than the men, and she did a whirling dance around the log once. She was followed by another girl, and another, until, as each completed a circuit of the log, many girls were in the dance. The men had not slackened their speed. Soon the entire village was dancing, including the old men and women, who confined their less agile efforts to the outer circle of firelight.

Then from nowhere a rain of long arrows thudded into the face of the log. It became a thing of bristling shafts, and by now the dancers were fairly screaming in a terrible rage. They loosed a volley of heavy hunting spears into the log, not one of them missing its mark, and Perry shivered again. A fat chance an enemy would have getting away from those babies! Their aim was terrifically accurate.

The fire had gnawed into the base of the log, eating away more than half of it. Perry wondered when it would collapse.

Now the leading dancers were leaping into the flames, rubbing their bodies with fire as if they were bathing in it. It did not seem to burn them, yet the smell of scorched flesh was rank in Perry's nostrils.

As rank upon rank of the savages leaped into the fire, taking their flaming ablutions as it were, the first ones began falling to the ground, rolling over and over and groaning. And now Perry could see that many of them had terrible burns on their thighs and other places.

These would roll up to a large circular spot on the ground and dip into a pile of a whitish substance, then rub their wounds vigorously with

the stuff. Some of them began crying out in terrible pain. It was only then that Perry discovered that the stuff was salt. They were rubbing their raw burns with salt! Agonizing pain must be the result of such treatment, he thought.

After the whole tribe had gone through this self-inflicted period of torture, a semblance of quiet descended upon the night-filled jungle. Only the moans of the poor devils could be heard. And so Perry found himself sitting shivering with the old medicine man. The latter had a strange grin on his face.

"You see, Bwana," he got out at last, "this is one test that never fails. By their groans do we know who is strong and who is weak. The weak ones we watch. Soon something happens in the tribe, and then we know it was a weak one who fell. Sometimes it is a young man, and sometimes an old one. Less frequently it is one of the girls. Never an old woman."

Perry nodded. He had partly figured it out.

"This then," he said, "is a sort of test, so that you know in the future who to suspect of any crime?"

The medicine man nodded. "It seldom fails. It is based on a law of nature: the weak shall be weak and the strong shall be strong. It helps when something wrong happens among my flock. Also by this method we select our chief. The young man over there who makes no sound"—the old man pointed—"is our next leader. He is badly burned, as you see."

Perry looked. Indeed the youth was almost cooked, his flesh hanging to his thighs in a terrible condition. He kept rubbing salt into the wounds, and Perry knew then what kept infection from starting in that seared flesh. It was the salt. A terrible cure, but a good one.

"Maybe you are right," he said quietly. But he wondered how the white man might undergo such a test.

PERKY

KITCHEN
BOY
WANTED

IT ALL STARTED WHEN PERKY
VOLUNTEERED TO CLIMB INTO
THE AMATEUR MAGICIAN'S
VANISHING BOX!...

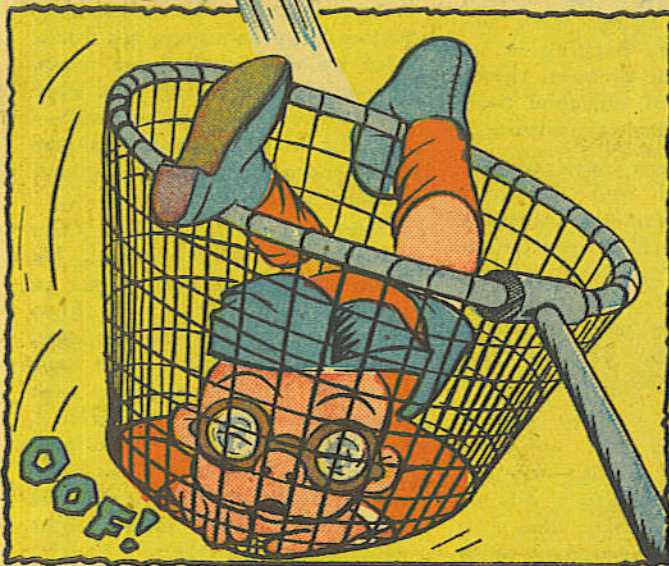
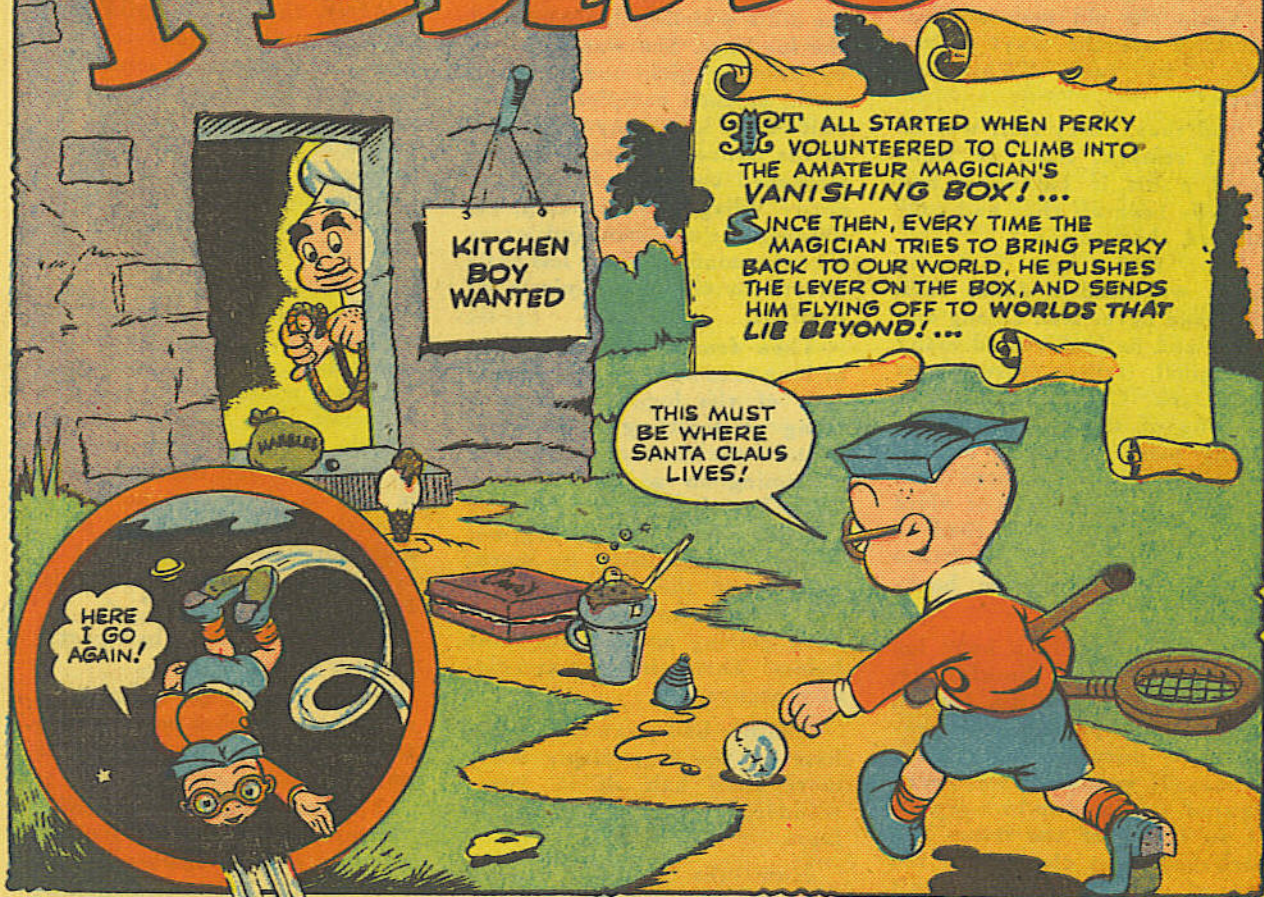
SINCE THEN, EVERY TIME THE
MAGICIAN TRIES TO BRING PERKY
BACK TO OUR WORLD, HE PUSHES
THE LEVER ON THE BOX, AND SENDS
HIM FLYING OFF TO WORLDS THAT
LIE BEYOND!...

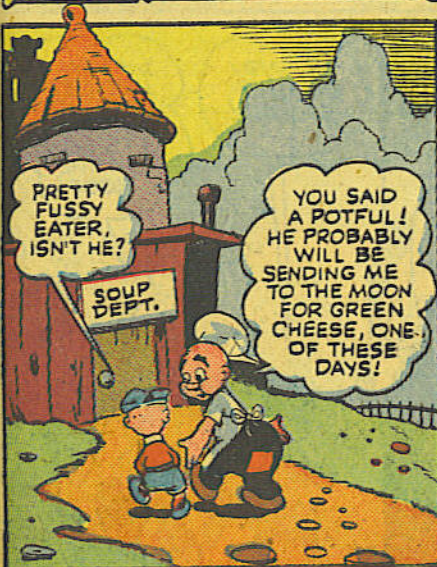
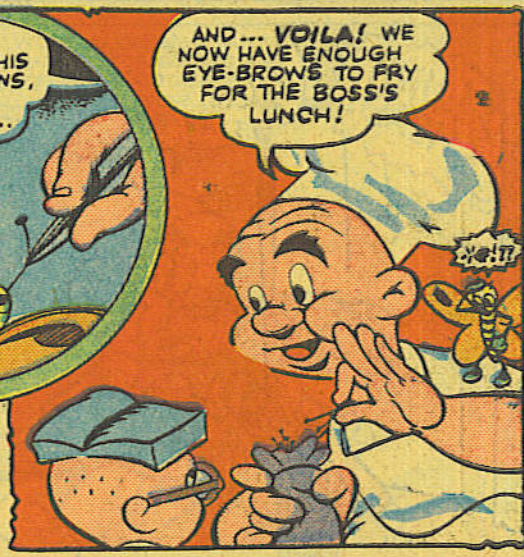
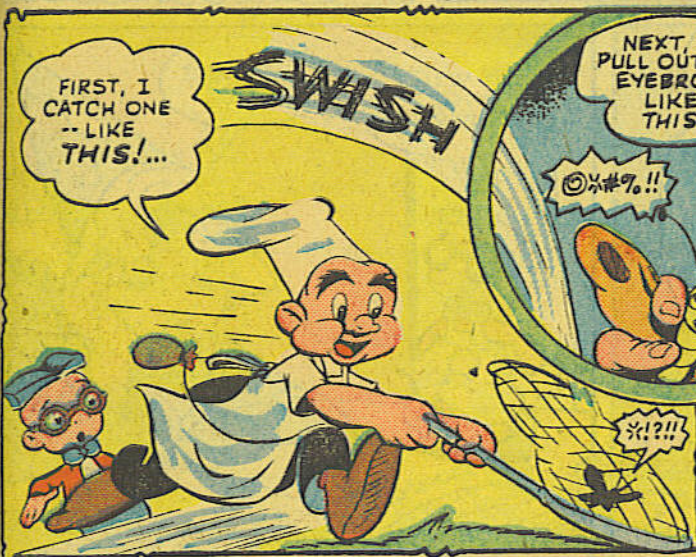
THIS MUST
BE WHERE
SANTA CLAUS
LIVES!

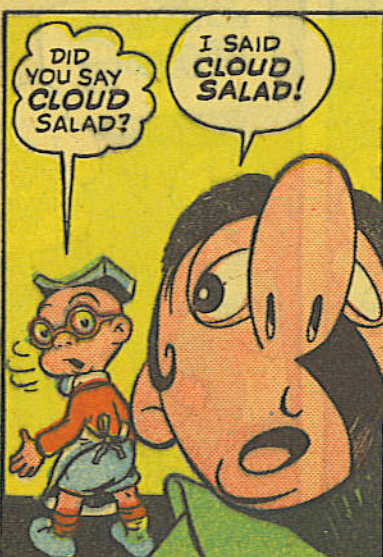
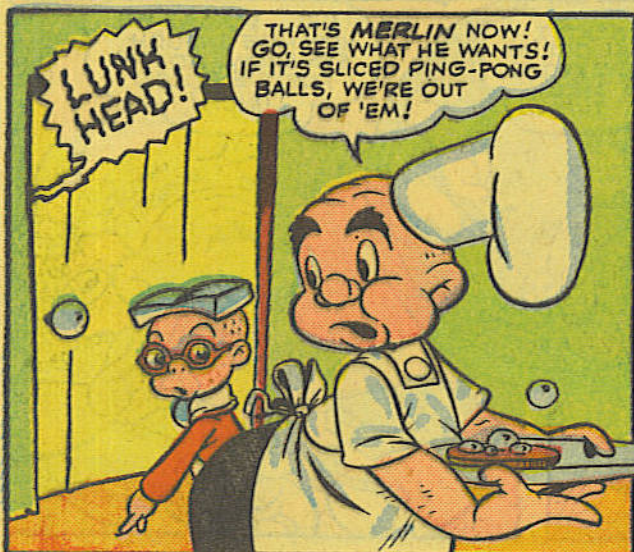
HERE
I GO
AGAIN!

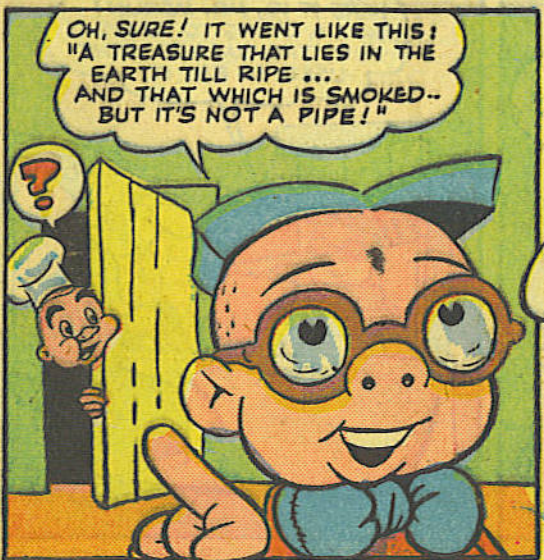
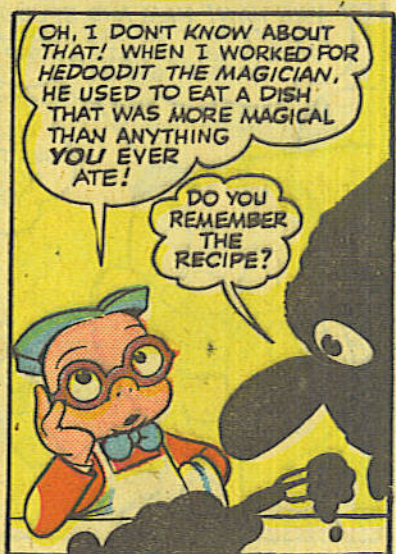
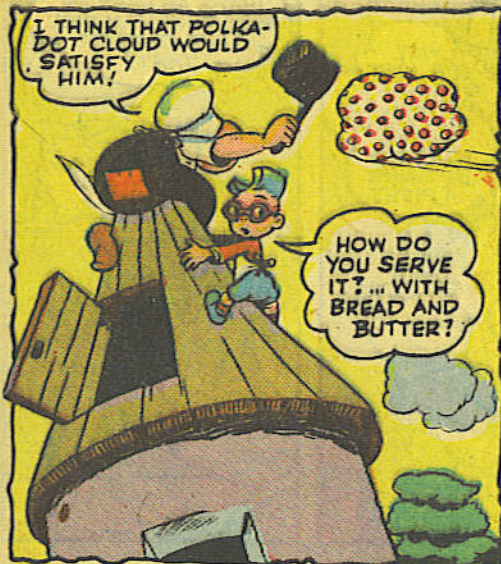
WHERE AM I, AND WHO
ARE YOU -- AND WHAT'S THE
IDEA OF PULLING A
NET ON ME?

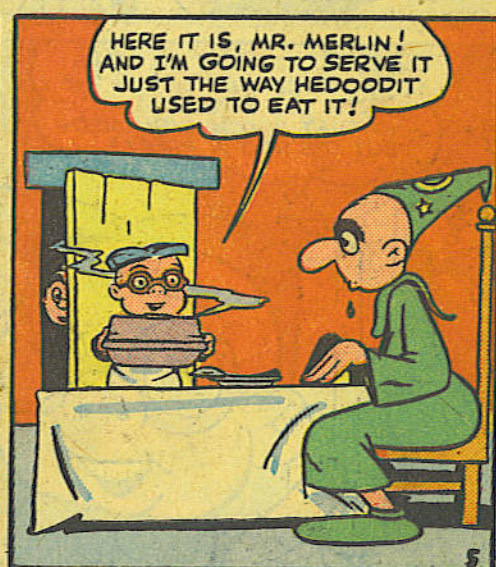
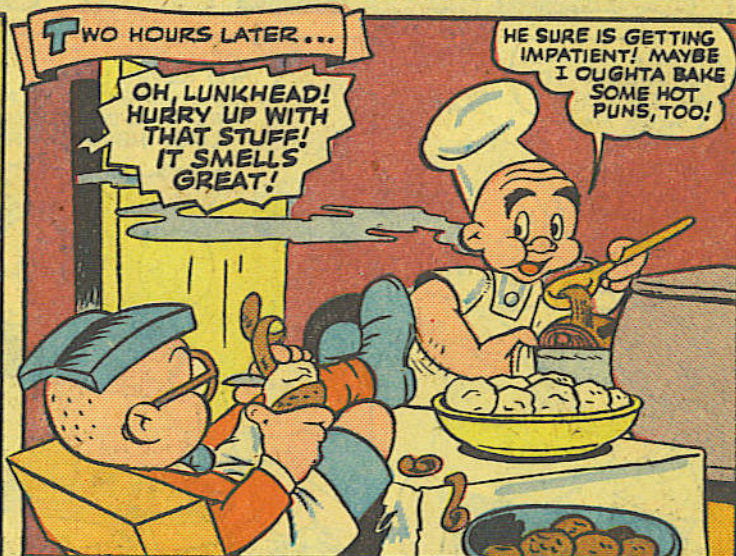
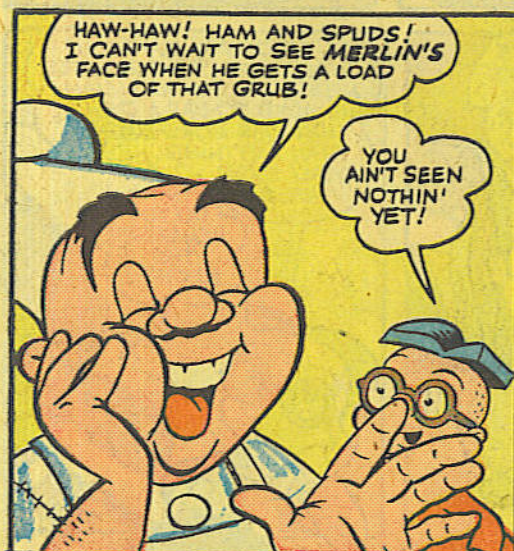
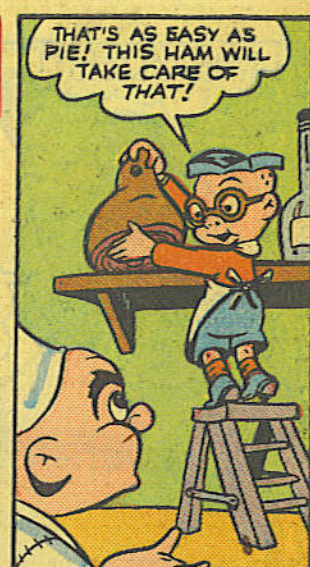
OOF!

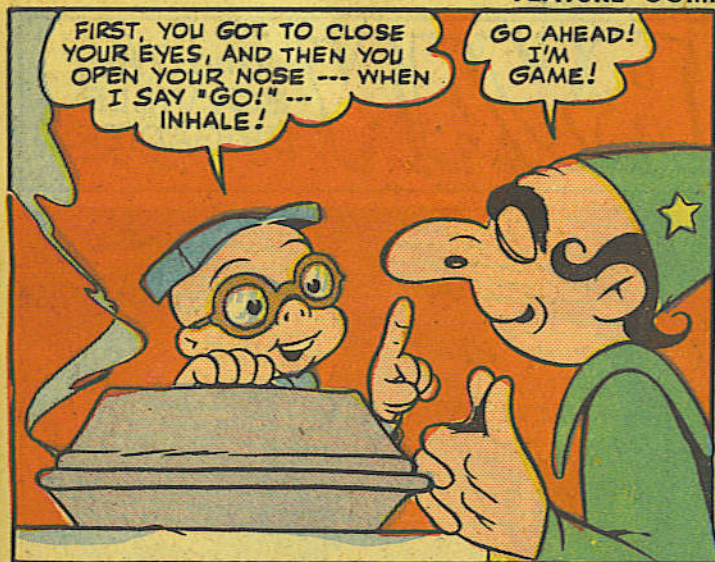




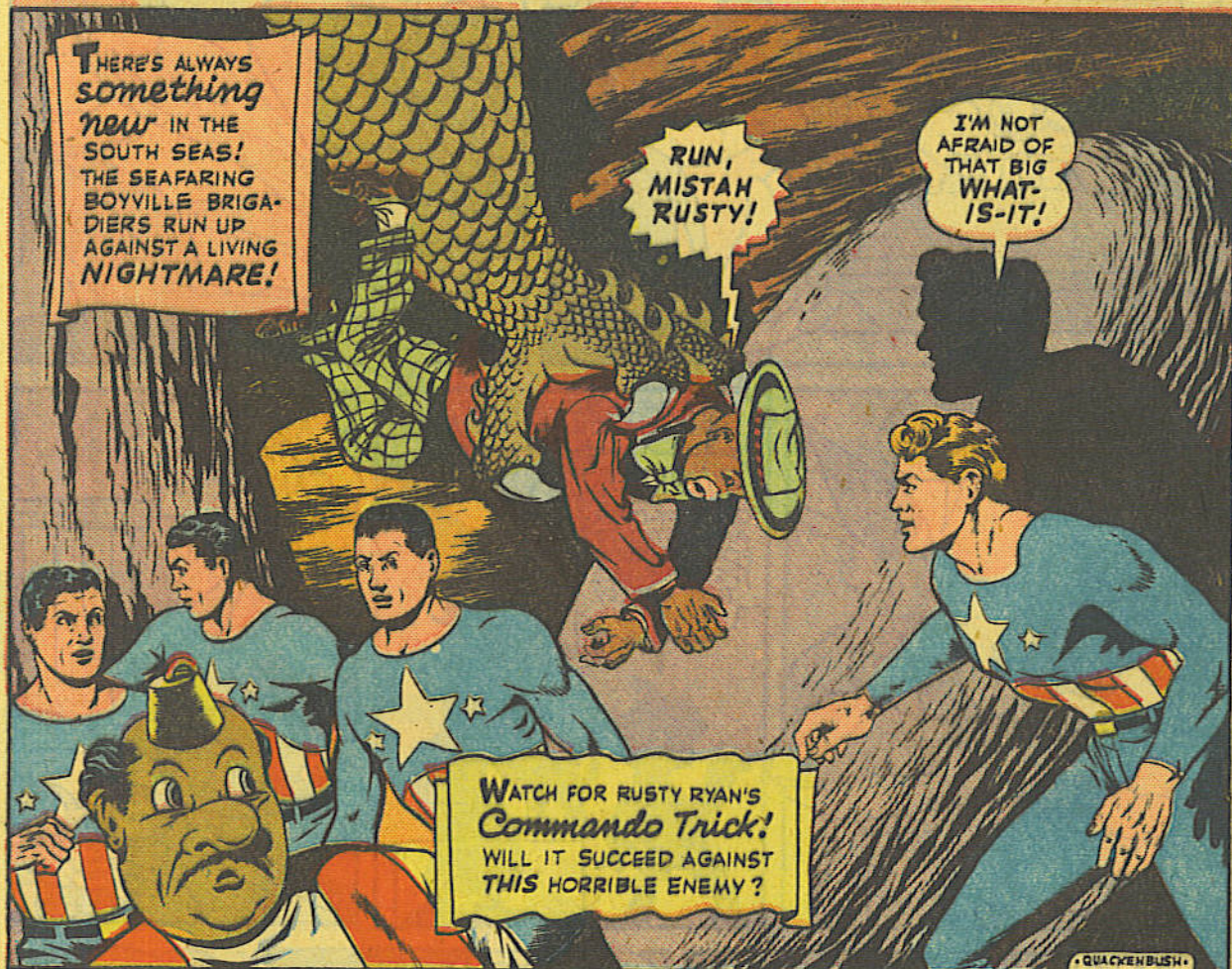


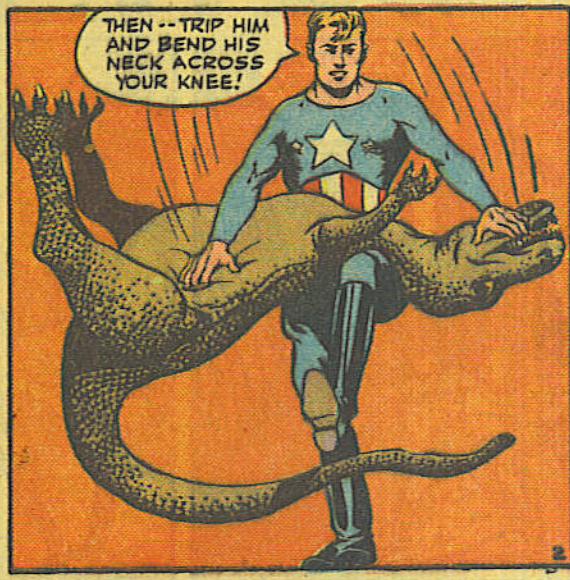
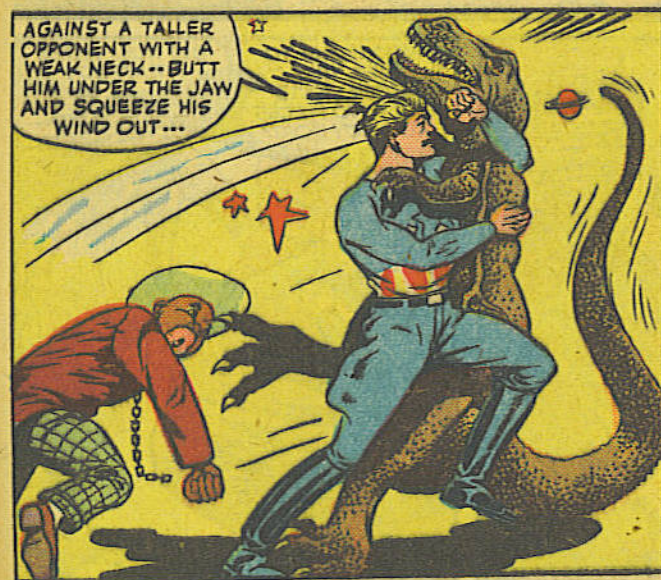


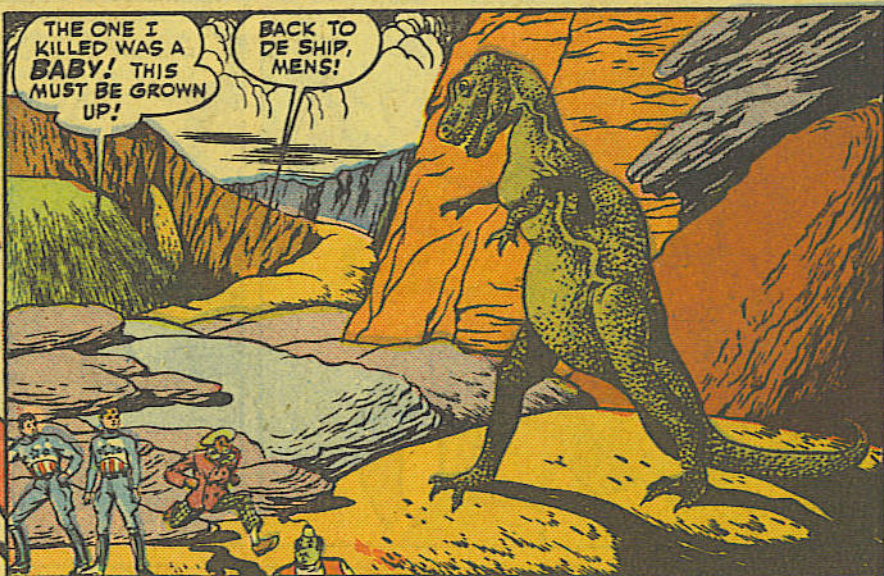
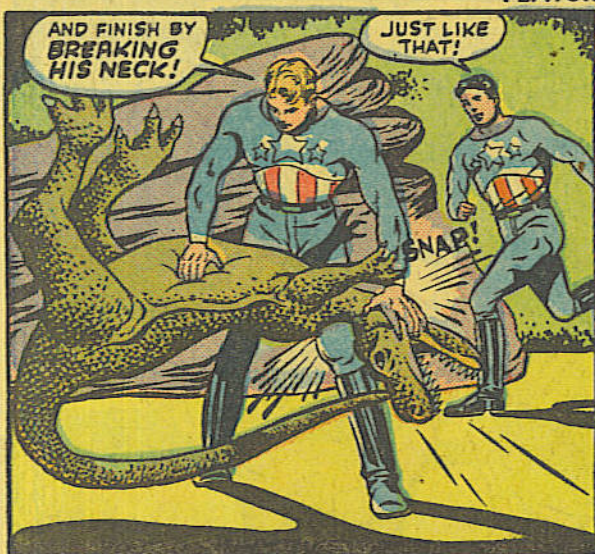


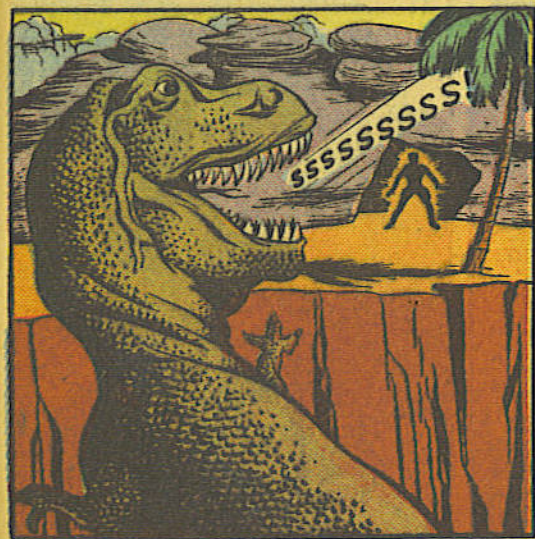
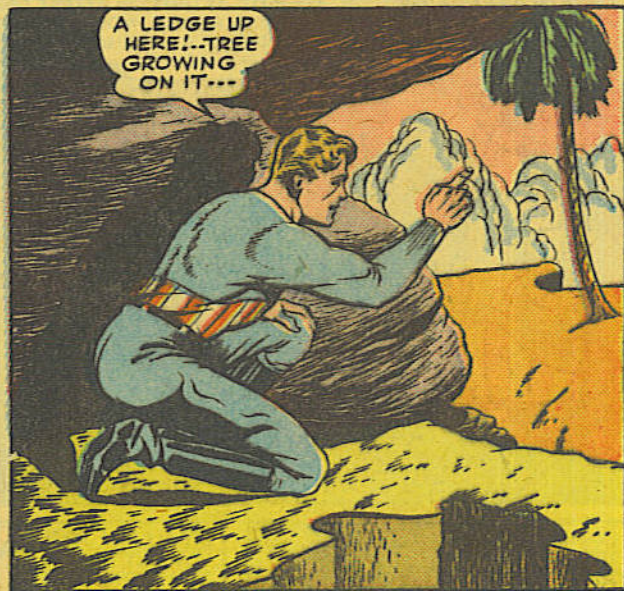
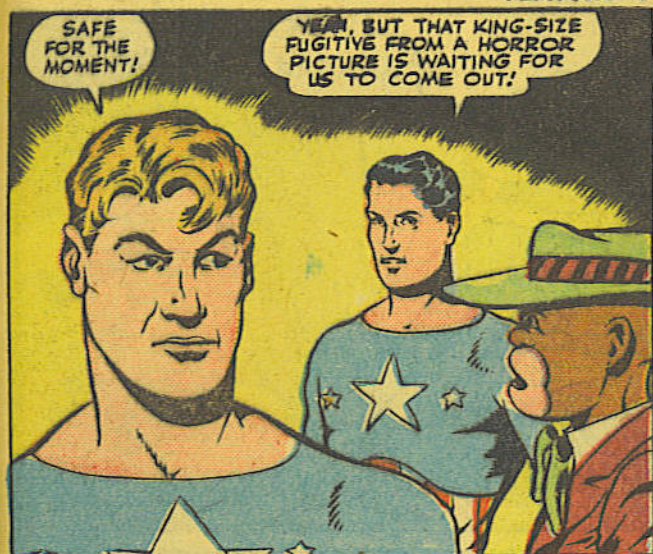


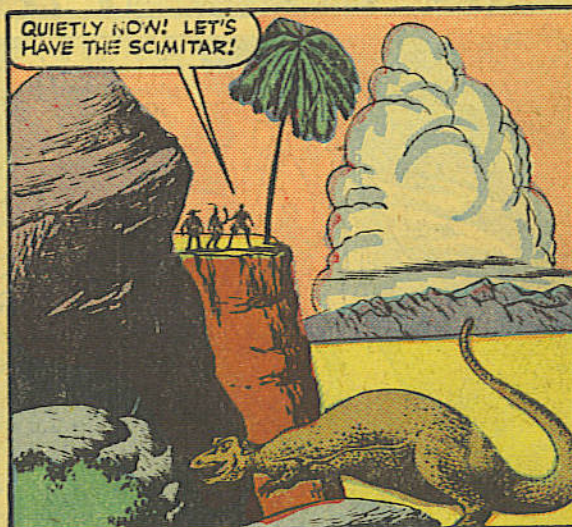
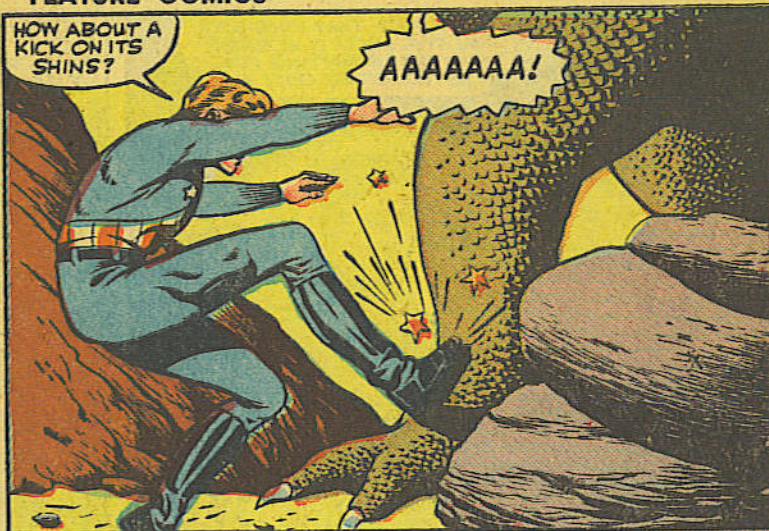
RUSTY RYAN and The BOYVILLE BRIGADIERS

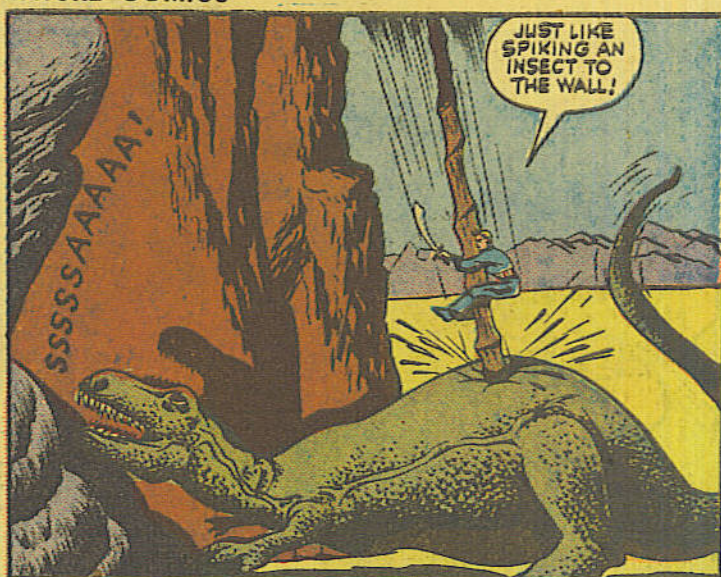
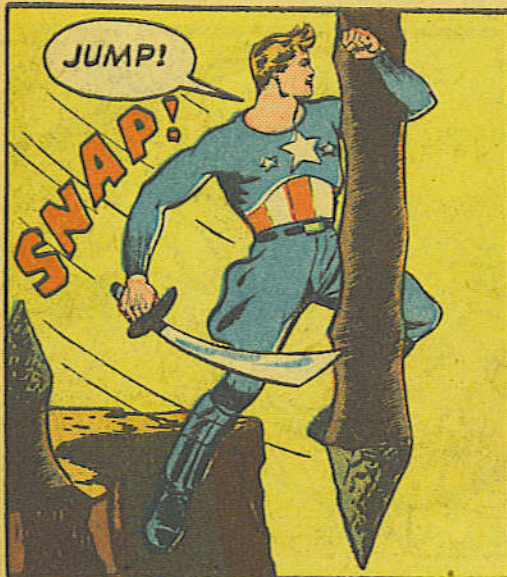


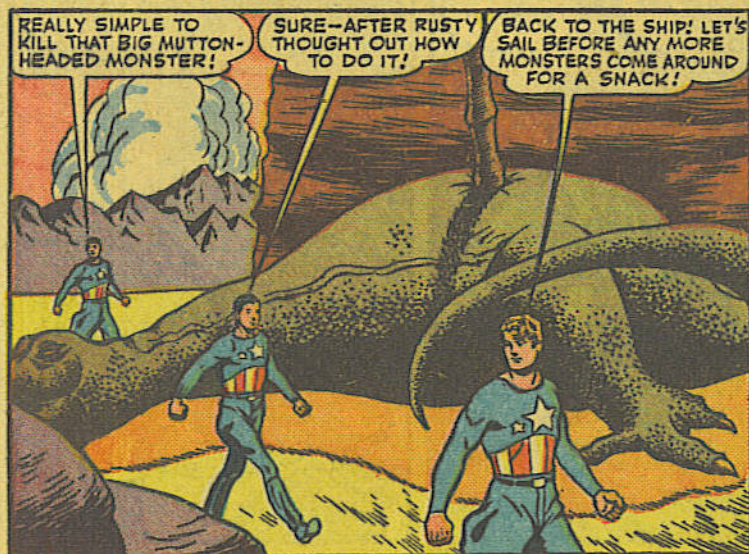
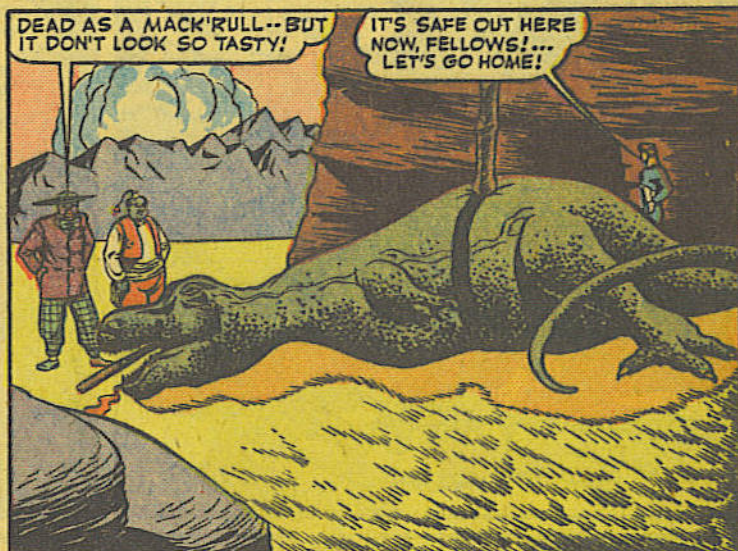
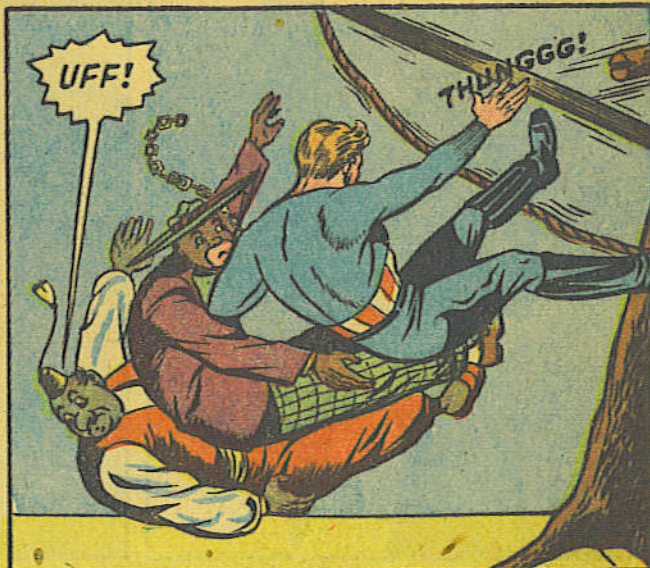
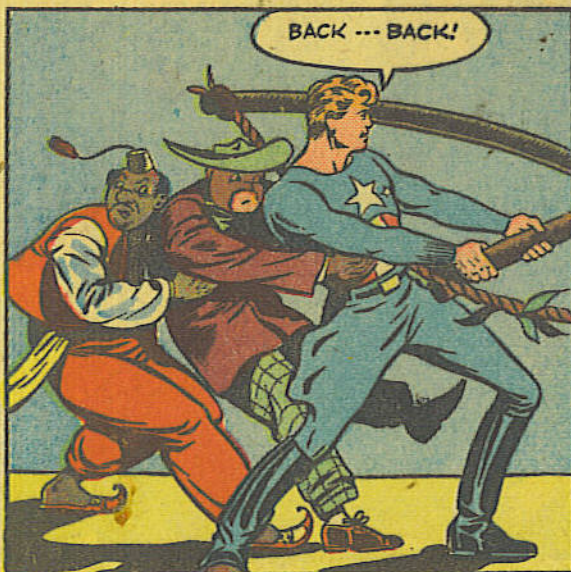












Be a RADIO Technician



J. E. SMITH, President, National Radio Institute

You Build These and Other Radio Circuits With 6 Big Kits I Send

By the time you've conducted 60 sets of Experiments with Radio Parts I supply, made hundreds of measurements, and tests, you'll have PRACTICAL Radio experience valuable in a good full or part-time Radio job!



Superheterodyne Circuit. Preselector, oscillator-mixer first detector, i.f. stage, diode detector-a. v. c. stage, audio stage. Bring in local and distant stations on this circuit which you build!

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\$10 a Week in Spare Time—"I repaired some Radios when I was on my tenth lesson. I made \$600 in a year and a half, and have made an average of \$10 a week—just spare time." JOHN JERRY, 300 South H St., Exeter, Calif.



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Get Into a Busy Field with a Bright Peacetime Future

I Train Beginners at Home for Good Spare Time and Full Time Radio Jobs

Here's your opportunity to get a good job in a busy field with a bright peacetime future! There is a shortage today of trained Radio Technicians and Operators. So mail the Coupon for my FREE, 64-page, illustrated book, "Win Rich Rewards in Radio." It describes many fascinating types of Radio jobs, tells how N.R.I. trains you at home in spare time—how you get practical experience building Radio Circuits with SIX BIG KITS OF RADIO PARTS I send!

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Keeping old Radios working is booming the Radio Repair business. Profits are large. After-the-war prospects are bright. Think of the boom in Radio Sales and Servicing when new Radios are available—when Television, Frequency Modulation and Electronics can be promoted.

Broadcasting Stations, Aviation Radio, Police Radio, Loudspeaker Systems, Radio Manufacturing all offer good jobs now to qualified Radio men—and most of these fields have a big backlog of business that has built up during the war, plus opportunities to expand into new fields opened by wartime developments. You may never see a time again when it will be so easy to get a start in Radio!

Many Beginners Soon Make \$5, \$10 a Week EXTRA in Spare Time

The day you enroll for my Course I start sending you EXTRA MONEY JOB SHEETS that help show how to make EXTRA money fixing Radios in spare time while still learning.

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My up-to-date Course includes training in these new developments.

Find Out What N.R.I. Can Do For You MAIL COUPON for FREE 64-page book. It's packed with facts—things you never knew about opportunities in Broadcasting, Radio Servicing, Aviation Radio, other Radio fields. Read about my Course—and how you can train at home. Read many letters from men I trained. MAIL COUPON in an envelope or pasted on a penny postal!—J. E. SMITH, President, Dept. 4MA3, National Radio Institute, Washington 9, D.C.

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Mail me FREE, without obligation, your 64-page book: "Win Rich Rewards in Radio." (No salesman will call. Write plainly.)

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Address.....

City.....State.....



Broadcasting Stations employ N. R. I. trained Radio Technicians as operators, installation, maintenance men and in other capacities and pay well.



Fixing Radios pays many N.R.I. trained Radio Technicians \$50 a week. Many others hold their regular jobs and make \$5 to \$10 a week EXTRA fixing Radios in spare time.

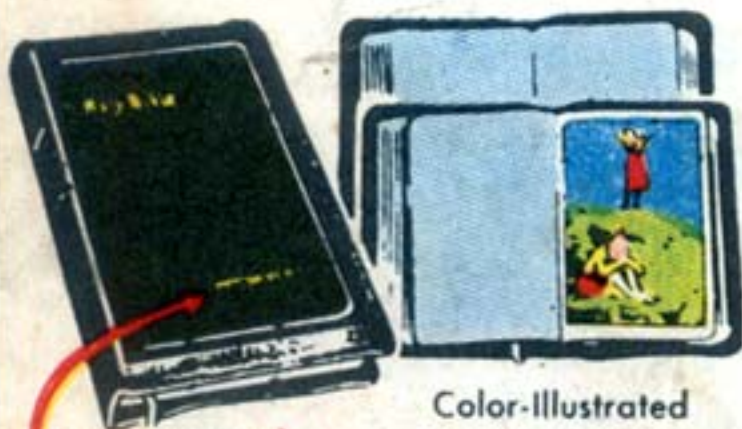


Radio Operators find good jobs with Shipping Companies, Police Departments, in commercial Aviation. Opportunities are increasing in these fields.



**Boys!
Girls!**

CHOOSE YOUR PRIZE



**YOUR NAME IN
PURE GOLD**

**Color-Illustrated
FAMILY BIBLE**
with your name in gold
on the cover. Sell only one
order.



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A good-looking desk
lamp with a fountain pen
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selling one order, plus
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Texan-type Pistol, jewelled
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and lariat. ALL given for
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Exactly like regular
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moves. Gunsight and
cannon trigger too.
This complete outfit for
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FREE
Secret
bombsight
game, with
this won-
derful prize.

This set starts your training

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GIRLS! Get this pretty set for
your dresser. Five full-size
pieces; choice of colors — Rose
or Blue. Given for selling only
one order



"AMERICAN LADY"



BILLFOLD

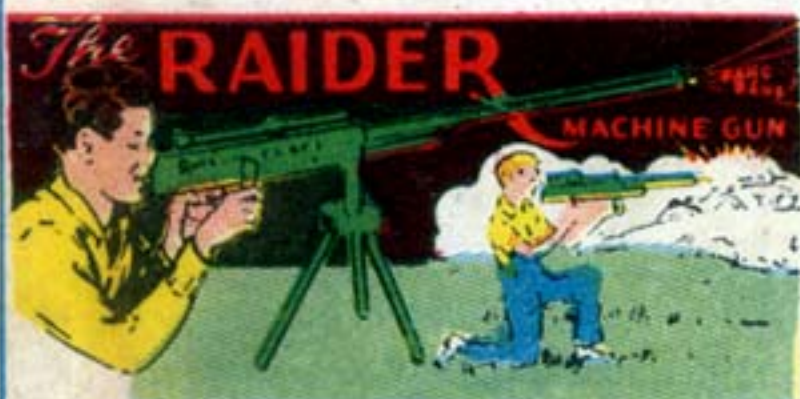
A smartly-styled girl's wallet
with your initials in gold. Sell
only one order.

**Your Initials
in Gold**

**"SECRET COMPART-
MENT" WALLET** for
Men and Boys. Your
name in gold. Sell only
one order



**YOUR NAME
IN GOLD**

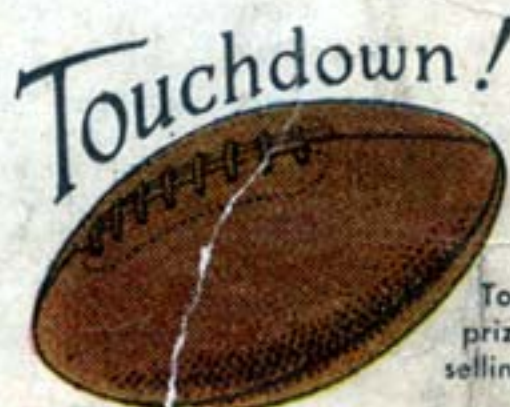


The RAIDER
MACHINE GUN
Plenty of noise — plenty of fun — with this big
gun. Operates on a swivel — or dismounted —
like army guns. Sell only one order.



FALCON CAMERA

with carrying case.
Candid-type, takes 16 pic-
tures on each roll of film.
Given for selling one order
plus \$2.00 extra.



OFFICIAL SIZE FOOTBALL

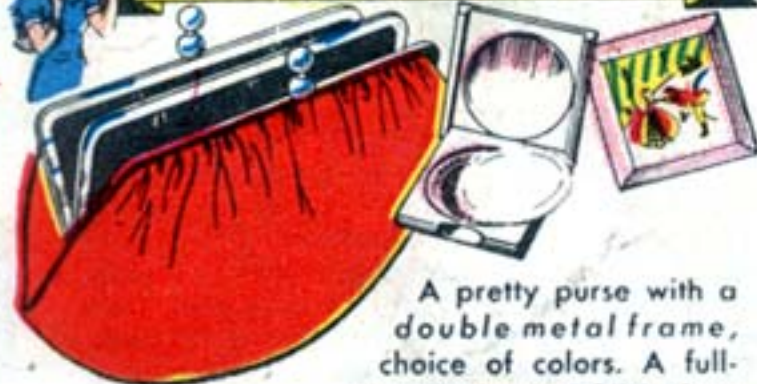
Tough and sturdy. A swell
prize given without cost for
selling only one order.

Complete Chemistry Set

Famous "Chemcraft" Set, for interesting experi-
ments — and Magic
Book of 50 Mysterious
Chemistry Exhibitions.
Sell only one order.



Purse and Compact Set



A pretty purse with a
double metal frame,
choice of colors. A full-
size Compact. BOTH given
for selling one order.



TWIRL-A-TUNE PHONOGRAPH

for Boys and Girls.
Given for sell-
ing only one
order, plus \$1.00
extra.

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Army Holster Set
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Shuffleboard Game
Flashlight
Perfume Lamps
Fashion Doll
"Old Spice" Set

GET YOUR PRIZE THIS EASY WAY

BOYS! GIRLS! Do like thousands of others. Get swell
prizes for yourself or gifts for Mother and Dad. Many
prizes shown above and many others in our **BIG PRIZE
SHEET** are GIVEN WITHOUT A CENT OF COST for selling
40 Xmas Packs at 10c each. Some of the bigger prizes
require extra money as stated in **BIG PRIZE SHEET**.

It is easy to sell these Xmas Packs to your family,
friends and neighbors. Each pack contains 96 Spar-
kling Xmas Seals in brilliant colors — a big value.
When sold, send us the money and choose your
prize from our Big Prize Sheet.

Mail the coupon today for Xmas Packs and our Big
Prize Sheet — tell us what prize you want.

SEND NO MONEY — WE TRUST YOU.

AMERICAN SPECIALTY CO., Dept. 5-15, Lancaster, Pa.

AMERICAN SPECIALTY CO., Dept. 5-15, Lancaster, Pa.

Please send me your Big Prize Sheet and one order of 40 Xmas
Packs. I will resell them at 10c each, send you the money, and
get my prize.

My choice of prize is _____

Name _____

Street Address
or R.F.D. Box _____

City _____

State _____